that brought him to heare his Sermon, *his meeting with other worthy men, the whole concatenation of all the intervening accidents to worke this good effect in him; and that were ranged and disposed from all Eternity, by* Gods *particular goodnesse and providence for his* Salvation; *and without which hee had inevitably beene damned; this chaine of causes, ordered by* God *to produce this effect, I understand to bee* Grace.

FINIS.

---

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FINIS.

[illegible] and the allegeance I must ever [illegible] unto truth prevayled with me, the inactivitie of my disposition might have made these sufferings continuall, and time that brings other things to light, should have satisfied me in the remedy of its oblivion. But because things evidently false are not onely printed, but many things of truth most falsly set forth; in this latter I could not but thinke my selfe engaged; for though we have no power to redresse the former, yet in the other the reparation being within our selves, I have at present represented unto the world a full and intended copy of that Peece which was most imperfectly and surreptitiously published before.

This I confesse about seven yeares past, with some others of affinitie thereto, for my private exercise and satisfaction, I had at leisurable houres composed, which being communicated unto one, is became common unto many, and was by transcription successively corrupted untill it arrived in a most depraved copy at the presse. He that shall peruse that worke, and shall take notice of sundry particularities

[illegible] expressions therein, will [illegible] intention was not public: [illegible] exercise directed to my [illegible] delivered therein was rather [illegible] me then an example or [illegible] any other: and therefore if there [illegible] singularitie therein correspondent [illegible] private conceptions of any man, it doth not advantage them; or if dissentaneous thereunto, it no way overthrowes them. It was penned in such a place and with such disadvantage, that (I protest) from the first setting of pen unto paper, I had not the assistance of any good booke, whereby to promote my invention or relieve my memory; and therefore there might be many reall lapses therein, which others might take notice of, and more that I suspected my selfe. It was set downe many yeares past, and was the sense of my conceptions at that time, not an immutable law unto my advancing judgement at all times, and therefore there might be many things therein plausible unto my passed apprehension, which are not agreeable unto my present selfe. There are many things delive-

and Rhetorically, many expressions therein merely Tropicall, and as they best illustrate my intention; and therefore also there are many things to be taken in a soft and flexible sense, and not to be called unto the rigid test of reason. Lastly all that is contained therein is in submission unto maturer discernments, and as I have declared shall no further father them then the best and learned judgements shall authorize them; under favour of which considerations I have made its secrecie publike and committed the truth thereof to every ingenuous Reader.

THOMAS BROVVNE.

RELI-

RELIGIO MEDICI.

Sect. 1.

OF my Religion, though there be severall circumstances that might perswade the world I have none at all, as the generall scandall of my profession, the naturall course of my studies, the indifferency of my behaviour, and discourse in matters of Religion, neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardour and contention opposing another; yet in despight hereof I dare, without usurpation, assume the honorable stile of a Christian: not that

I meerely owe this title to the Font, my education, or Clime wherein I was borne, as being bred up either to confirme those principles my Parents infused into my unwary understanding; or by a generall consent proceed in the Religion of my Countrey: But having, in my riper yeares, and confirmed judgement, seene and examined all, I finde my selfe obliged by the principles of Grace, and the law of mine owne reason, to embrace no other name but this; neither doth herein my zeale so farre make me forget the generall charitie I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate then pity Turkes, Infidels, and (what is worse) Jewes, rather contenting my selfe to enjoy that happy stile, then maligning those who refuse so glorious a title.

But because the name of a Christian is become too generall to expresse our faith, there being a Geography of Religions as well as Lands, and every Clime distinguished not onely by their lawes and limits, but circumscribed by their

doctrines and rules of Faith; To be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast Religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name, of the same belieſe our Saviour taught, the Apoſtles diſſeminated, the Fathers authoriſed, and the Martyrs confirmed; but by the ſiniſter ends of Princes, the ambition & avarice of Prelates, and the fatall corruption of times, ſo decaied, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the carefull and charitable hand of theſe times to reſtore it to its primitive integrity: Now the accidentall occaſion whereon, the ſlender meanes whereby, the low and abject condition of the perſon by whom ſo good a worke was ſet on foot, which in our adverſaries beget contempt and ſcorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very ſame objection the inſolent Pagans firſt caſt at Chriſt and his Diſciples.

Yet have I not ſo ſhaken hands with Sect. 3.
thoſe deſperate Reſolutions, who had rather venture at large their decaied bottome, then bring her in to be new trim'd

in the dock; who had rather promiſcuouſly retaine all, then abridge any, and obſtinately be what they are, then what they have beene, as to ſtand in diameter and ſwords point with them: we have reformed from them, not againſt them; for omitting thoſe improperations and termes of ſcurrility betwixt us, which onely difference our affections, and not our cauſe, there is between us one common name and appellation, one faith, and neceſſary body of principles common to us both; and therefore I am not ſcrupulous to converſe and live with them, to enter their Churches in defect of ours, and either pray with them, or for them. I could never perceive any rationall conſequence from thoſe many texts which prohibite the children of Iſrael to pollute themſelves with the Temples of the Heathens, we being all Chriſtians, and not divided by ſuch deteſted impieties as might prophane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them, or that a reſolved conſcience may not adore her Creator any where, eſpecially in

places devoted to his service; where if their devotions offend him, mine may please him, if theirs prophane it, mine may hallow it; Holy water and Crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgement, nor abuse my devotion at all: I am, I confesse, naturally inclined to that, which misguided zeale termes superstition; my common conversation I do acknowledge austere, my behaviour full of rigour, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to use the civility of my knee, my hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions, which may expresse, or promote my invisible devotion. I should violate my owne arme rather then a Church, nor willingly deface the memory of Saint or Martyr. At the sight of a Crosse or Crucifix I can dispence with my hat, but scarce with the thought or memory of my Saviour; I cannot laugh at, but rather pity the fruitlesse journeys of Pilgrims, or contemne the miserable condition of Friers; for though misplaced in circumstance, there

there is something in it of devotion: I could never heare the * *Ave Marie* Bell without an elevation, or thinke it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to erre in all, that is in silence and dumbe contempt; whilst therefore they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errours of their prayers by rightly ordering mine owne; At a solemne Procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blinde with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an accesse of scorne and laughter: There are questionlesse both in Greek, Roman, and African Churches, solemnities, and ceremonies, whereof the wiser zeales doe make a Christian use, and stand condemned by us, not as evill in themselves, but as allurements and baits of superstition to those vulgar heads that looke asquint on the face of truth, and those unstable judgements that cannot consist in the narrow point and centre of vertue without a reele or stagger to the circumference.

As

* A Church bell that tolls every day at 11. and 12. of the clocke, at the hearing whereof every one in what place soever either of house or street betakes him to his prayer, which is commonly directed to the Virgin.

As there were many Reformers, so Sect. 4.
likewise many reformations; every
Country proceeding in a particular way
and Method, according as their natio-
nall interest together with their consti-
tution and clime inclined them, some
angrily and with extremitie, others
calmely, and with mediocrity, not rem-
ving, but easily dividing the community,
and leaving an honest possibility of a
reconciliation, which though peaceable
spirits doe desire, and may conceive
that revolution of time, and the mercies
of God may effect; yet that judgement
that shall consider the present antipa-
thies between the two extreames, their
contrarieties in condition, affection and
opinion, may with the same hopes expect
an union in the poles of Heaven.

But to difference my self neerer, & draw Sect. 5.
into a lesser circle: There is no Church
whose every part so squares unto my
conscience, whose articles, constitu-
tions, and customes seeme so consonant
unto reason, and as it were framed to my
par-

As

particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my beliefe, the Church of *England* to whose faith I am a sworne subject, and therefore in a double obligation, subscribe unto her Articles, and endeavour to observe her Constitutions: whatsoever is beyond, as points indifferent, I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humor and fashion of my devotion, neither believing this, because *Luther* affirmed it, or disproving that, because *Calvin* hath disavouched it. I condemne not all things in the Councell of *Trent*, nor approve all in the Synod of *Dort*. In briefe, where the Scripture is silent, the Church is my Text; where that speakes, 'tis but my Comment; where there is a joynt silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my Religion from *Rome* or *Geneva*, but the dictates of my owne reason. It is an unjust scandall of our adversaries, and a grosse error in our selves, to compute the Nativity of our Religion from *Henry* the eight, who though he rejected the Pope, refus'd not the faith of *Rome*, and effected

no

more then what his owne Predeceſſors deſired and aſſayed in ages paſt, and was conceived the State of *Venice* would have attempted in our dayes. It is as uncharitable a point in us to fall upon thoſe popular ſcurrilities and opprobrious ſcoffes of the Biſhop of *Rome*, whom as a temporall Prince, we owe the duty of good language: I confeſſe there is cauſe of paſſion betweene us; by his ſentence I ſtand excommunicated, Heretick is the beſt language he affords me; yet can no eare witneſſe I ever returned to him the name of Antichriſt, Man of ſin, or whore of *Babylon*; It is the method of charity to ſuffer without reaction: thoſe uſuall Satyrs, and invectives of the Pulpit may perchance produce a good effect on the vulgar, whoſe eares are opener to Rhetorick then Logick, yet doe they in no wiſe confirme the faith of wiſer beleevers, who know that a good cauſe needs not to be patron'd by a paſſion, but can ſubſiſt it ſelfe upon a temperate diſ-

Sect. 6. I could never divide my ſelfe from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgement for not agreeing with mee in that, from which perhaps within a few dayes I ſhould diſſent my ſelfe: I have no Genius to diſputes in Religion, and have often thought it wiſedome to decline them, eſpecially upon a diſadvantage, or when the cauſe of truth might ſuffer in the weakeneſſe of my patronage: where wee deſire to be informed, 'tis good to contеſt with men above our ſelves, but to confirme and eſtabliſh our opinions, 'tis beſt to argue with judgements below our own, that the frequent ſpoyles and victories over their reaſons may ſettle in our ſelves an eſteeme, and confirmed opinion of our owne. Every man is not a proper Champion for Truth, nor fit to take up the Gantlet in the cauſe of Verme: Many from the ignorance of theſe Maximes, and an inconſiderate zeale unto Truth, have too raſhly charged the troopes of error, and

remaine

maine as Trophees unto the enemies of Truth: A man may be in as just possession of Truth as of a City, and yet bee forced to surrender; tis therefore farre better to enjoy her with peace, then to hazzard her on a battell: If therefore there rise any doubts in my way, I doe forget them, or at least defer them, till my better setled judgement, and more manly reason be able to resolve them; for I perceive every mans owne reason is his best *Oedipus*, and will upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtilties of errour have enchained our more flexible and tender judgements. In Philosophy where truth seemes double-faced, there is no man more paradoxicall then my self; but in Divinity I love to keepe the road, and though not in an implicite, yet an humble faith, follow the great wheele of the Church, by which I move, not reserving any proper poles or motion from the epicycle of my own braine; by this meanes I leave no gap for Heresies, Schismes, or Errors, of which at present,

sent, I hope I shall not injure Truth, I say, I have no taint or tincture; I must confesse my greener studies have been polluted with two or three, not any begotten in the latter Centuries, but old and obsolete, such as could never have been revived, but by such extravagant and irregular heads as mine; for indeed Heresies perish not with their Authors but like the River *Arethusa*, though they lose their currents in one place, they riseup againe in another: one general Councell is not able to extirpate one single Heresie, it may be canceld for the present, but revolution of time and the like aspects from Heaven, will restore it when it will flourish till it be condemned againe; for as though there were a *Metempsuchosis*, and the soule of one man passed into another, opinions doe finde after certaine revolutions, men and mindes like those that first begat them. To see our selves againe wee neede not looke for *Platoes* * yeare; every man is not onely himselfe; there have been many *Diogenes*, and as many *Timons*

though

* A revolution of certaine thousand yeares when all things should returne unto their former estate and he be teaching againe in his schoole as when he delivered his opini-

few of that name; men are
over againe, the world is now as it
ages past, there was none then,
there hath been some one since that
him, and is as it were his revi-
selfe.

Now the first of mine was that of the *Sect. 7.*
Arabians, that the soules of men perish-
with their bodies, but should yet bee
raised againe at the last day; not that I
did absolutely conceive a mortality of
the soule, but if that were, wch faith, not
Philosophy hath yet throughly disprov-
ved, and that both entred the grave to-
gether, yet I held the same conceit there-
of that wee all doe of the body, that it
rise againe. Surely it is but the merits of
our unworthy natures, if wee sleepe in
darknesse, untill the last alarum: A se-
reflex upon my owne unworthi-
and make me backward from chal-
ing this prerogative of my soule, so
enjoy my Saviour at the last, I
with patience be nothing almost
eternity. The second was that of

Origen, that God would not persist in his vengeance for ever, but after a definite time of his wrath hee would release the damned soules from torture; Which error I fell into upon a serious contemplation of the great attribute of God his mercy, and did a little cherish it in my selfe, because I found therein no malice, and a ready weight to sway me from the other extream of despaire, whereunto melancholy and contemplative natures are too easily disposed. A third there is wch I did never positively maintaine or practice, but have often wished it had been consonant to Truth, and not offensive to my Religion, and that is the prayer for the dead; whereunto I was inclined from some charitable inducements, whereby I could scarce containe my prayers for a friend at the ringing of a Bell, or behold his corpes without an oblation for his soule: 'Twas a good way me thought to be remembred by Posterity, and farre more noble then an History. These opinions I never maintained with pertinacity, or endeavoured to enveagle any

mans

beliefe into mine, nor so much as dissevrated or disputed them with my dearest friends; by which meanes I neither propagated them in others, nor confirmed them in my selfe, but suffering them to flame upon their owne substance, without addition of new fuell, they went out insensibly of themselves; therefore these opinions, though condemned by lawfull Councels, were not Heresies in me, but bare Errors, and single Lapses of my understanding, without a joynt depravity of my will: Those have not only depraved understandings but diseased affections, which cannot enjoy a singularity without a Heresie, or be the author of an opinion, without they be of a Sect also; this was the villany of the first Schisme of *Lucifer*, who was not content to erre alone, but drew into his faction many Legions of Spirits; and upon this experience hee tempted only *Eve*, as well understanding the communicable nature of sin, and that to deceive but one, was tacitely and upon consequence to delude them both.

28. That Heresies should arise we have the the prophecy of Christ, but that old ones should be abolished wee hold no prediction. That there must be heresies, is true, not onely in our Church, but also in any other: even in Doctrines heretical there will be super-heresies, and Arians not onely divided from their Church, but also among themselves: for heads that are disposed unto Schisme and complexionally propense to innovation, are naturally disposed for a community, nor will ever be confined unto the order or œconomy of one body; and therefore when they separate from others they knit but loosely among themselves; nor contented with a generall breach or dichotomie with their Church, do subdivide and mince themselves almost into Atomes. 'Tis true, that men of singular parts and humors have not beene free from singular opinions and conceits in all ages; retaining something not onely beside the opinion of his own Church or any other, but also any particular Author: which not-

withstanding a sober judgement may doe without offence or heresie; for there is yet after all the decrees of counsells and the niceties of the Schooles, many things untouch'd, unimagin'd, wherein the libertie of an honest reason may play and expatiate with security and farre without the circle of an heresie.

As for those wingy mysteries in Divinity, and ayery subtilties in Religion, which have unhindg'd the braines of better heads, they never stretched the *Pia Mater* of mine; me thinkes there be not impossibilities enough in Religion for an active faith; the deepest mysteries ours containes, have not only been illustrated, but maintained by syllogisme, and the rule of reason: I love to lose my selfe in a mystery to pursue my reason to an *oh altitudo*. 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved ænigma's and riddles of the Trinity, with Incarnation and Resurrection. I can answer all *Sect.* 9.

the objections of Satan, and my rebellious reason, with that odde resolution I learned of *Tertullian*, *Certum est quia impossibile est*. I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point, for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but perswasion. Some beleeve the better for seeing Christ his Sepulchre, and when they have seene the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now contrarily I blesse my selfe, and am thankefull that I lived not in the dayes of miracles, that I never saw Christ nor his Disciples; I would not have beene one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christs Patients, on whom he wrought his wonders; then had my faith beene thrust upon me, nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe & saw not. 'Tis an easie and necessary beliefe to credit what our eye and sense hath examined: I believe he was dead, and buried, and rose againe, and desire to see him in his glory, rather then to contemplate him in his Cenotaphe, or Sepulchre. Nor is this much

much to beleeve, as we have reason, we owe this faith unto History: they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his comming, who upon obscure propheſies and myſticall Types could raiſe a beliefe, and expect apparent impoſſibilities.

'Tis true, there is an edge in all firme beliefe, and with an eaſie Metaphor wee may ſay the ſword of faith; but in theſe obſcurities I rather uſe it, in the adjunct the Apoſtle gives it, a Buckler; under which I perceive a wary combatant may lie invulnerable. Since I was of underſtanding to know we knew nothing, my reaſon hath beene more pliable to the will of faith; I am now content to underſtand a myſtery without a rigid definition in an eaſie and Platonick deſcription. That allegoricall deſcription of *Hermes*, * pleaſeth mee beyond all the Metaphyſicall definitions of Divines; where I cannot ſatisfie my reaſon, I love to humour my fancy; I had as leive you tell me that *anima eſt angelus hominis, eſt Corpus Dei*, as *Entelechia, Lux* Sect. 10

* Sphæra cujus centrum ubique, circumferentia nulli

est umbra Dei, as *actus perspicui*: where there is an obscurity too deepe for our reason, 'tis good to set downe with a description, periphrasis, or adumbration; for by acquainting our reason how unable it is to display the visible and obvious effect of nature, it becomes more humble and submissive unto the subtilties of faith: and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoope unto the lure of faith. I believe there was already a tree whose fruit our unhappy parents tasted, though in the same Chapter, when God forbids it, 'tis positively said, the plants of the field were not yet growne; for God had not caused it to raine upon the earth. I beleeve that the Serpent (if we shall literally understand it) from his proper forme and figure, made his motion on his belly before the curse. I find the triall of the Pucellage and Virginity of women, which God ordained the Jewes, is very fallible. Experience, and History informes me, that not onely many particular women, but likewise whole Nations have escaped

the curse of childbirth, which God seems to pronounce upon the whole sex; yet doe I beleeve that all this is true, which indeed my reason would perswade me to be falſe, and this I think is no vulgar part of faith to believe a thing not only above, but contrary to reason, and against the arguments of our proper senses.

In my ſolitary and retired imagination, (*Neque enim cum porticus aut me lectus accepit, deſum mihi*) I remember I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate him and his attributes who is ever with mee, eſpecially thoſe two mighty ones, his wiſedome and eternitie; with the one I recreate, with the other I confound my underſtanding; for who can ſpeake of eternitie without a ſolœciſme, or thinke thereof without an extaſie? Time we may comprehend, 'tis but five dayes elder then our ſelves, and hath the ſame Horoſcope with the world; but to retire ſo farre back as to apprehend a beginning, to give *Sect.* 11.

give such an infinite start forward, as to conceive an end in an essence that we affirme hath neither the one nor the other; it puts my reason to Saint *Paul's* Sanctuary; my Philosophy dares not say the Angells can doe it; God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him, 'tis the priviledge of his owne nature; *I am that I am*, was his owne definition unto *Moses*; and 'twas a short one, to confound mortalitie, that durst question God, or aske him what hee was; indeed he only is, all others have and shall be, but in eternity there is no distinction of Tenses; and therefore that terrible terme *Predestination*, which hath troubled so many weake heads to conceive, and the wisest to explaine, is in respect to God no prescious determination of our estates to come, but a definitive blast of his will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it; for to his eternitie which is indivisible, and altogether, the last Trumpe is already founded, the reprobates in the flame, and the blessed in *Abrahams* bosome.

Saint

Peter speakes modestly, when hee
a thousand yeares to God are but
one day; for to speake like a Philoso-
her, those continued instances of time
which flow into thousand yeares, make
not to him one moment; what to us is
to come, to his Eternitie is present, his
whole duration being but one perma-
nent point without succession, parts, flux,
or division.

Sect. 12.

There is no Attribute that adds more
difficulty to the mystery of the Trinity,
where though in a relative way of Fa-
ther and Son, we must deny a priority. I
wonder how *Aristotle* could conceive
the world eternall, or how hee could
make good two Eternities: his simili-
tude of a Triangle, comprehended in a
square, doth somewhat illustrate the Tri-
nitie of our soules, and that the Triple
Unity of God; for there is in us not
three, but a Trinity of soules, because
there is in us, if not three distinct soules,
yet differing faculties, that can, and doe
subsist apart in different subjects, and yet
in

in us are so united as to make but o
soule and substance; if one soule we
so perfect as to informe three distinct b
dies, that were a petty Trinity: conce
the distinct number of three, not di
ded nor separated by the intellect, b
actually comprehended in its Unity, an
that is a perfect Trinity. I have ofte
admired the mysticall way of *Pytha*
ras, and the secret Magicke of numbers
Beware of Philosophy, is a precept no
to be received in too large a sense, for i
this masse of nature there is a set o
things that carry in their front, though
not in capitall letters, yet in stenography,
and short Characters, something of Di-
vinitie, which to wiser reasons serve as
Luminaries in the abysse of knowledge,
and to judicious beliefes, as scales and
roundles to mount the pinnacles and
highest pieces of Divinity. The severe
Schooles shall never laugh me out of
the Philosophy of *Hermes*, that this vi-
sible world is but a picture of the invisi-
ble, wherein as in a pourtract, things are
not truely, but in equivocall shapes; and

as

they counterfeit some more reall sub-
ance in that invisible fabrick.

That other attribute wherewith I re- Sect. 13.
eate my devotion, is his wisedome, in
hich I am happy; and for the con-
mplation of this onely, do not repent
e that I was bred in the way of study:
he advantage I have of the vulgar,
ith the content and happinesse I con-
eive therein, is an ample recompence
or all my endeavours, in what part of
nowledg soever. Wisedome is his most
eauteous attribute, no man can attaine
nto it, yet *Solomon* pleased God when
hee desired it. Hee is wise because hee
knowes all things, and hee knoweth all
things because he made them all, but his
greatest knowledg is in comprehending
that he made not, that is himselfe. And
this is also the greatest knowledge in
man. For this do I honour my own pro-
fession and embrace the counsell even of
the Devill himselfe: had he read such a
Lecture in Paradise as hee did at * *Del-*
phos, we had better knowne our selves,
nor

* γνῶθι σεαυτὸν, *nosce teipsum.*

nor had we ſtood in feare to know hi
I know he is wiſe in all, wonderfull
what we conceive, but far more in wh
we comprehend not, for we behold hi
but aſquint upon reflex or ſhadow; o
underſtanding is dimmer than *Mo*
eye, we are ignorant of the backparts, o
lower ſide of his Divinity; therefore t
pry into the maze of his Counſels, is no
onely folly in Man, but preſumptio
even in Angels; like us, they are his ſer
vants, not his Senators; he holds no
Councell, but that myſticall one of th
Trinity, wherein though there be thre
perſons, there is but one minde that de
crees, without contradiction; nor need
he any, his actions are not begot with
deliberation, his wiſedome naturally
knowes what's beſt, his intellect stand
ready fraught with the ſuperlative and
pureſt Idea's of goodneſſe; conſultation
and election, which are two motions in
us, make but one in him; his actions
ſpringing from his power, at the firſt
touch of his will. Theſe are Contem-
plations Metaphyſicall, my humble ſpe-
culations

lati ons have another Method, and are ntent to trace and discover those ex- ssions hee hath left in his creatures, the obvious effects of nature; there no danger to profound these myste- es; no *Sanctum sanctorum* in Philoso- hy: The world was made to be inha- ted by beasts, but studied and con- mplated by man: 'tis the debt of our ason wee owe unto God, and the ho- nage wee pay for not being beasts; with- ut this the world is still as though it ad not been, or as it was before the sixt day when as yet there was not a crea- ure that could conceive, or say there was a world. The wisedome of God re- ceives small honour from those vulgar heads, that rudely stare about, and with a grosse rusticity admire his workes; those highly magnifie him whose judi- cious enquiry into his acts, and delibe- rate research into his creatures, returne the duty of a devout and learned admi- ration.

Therefore,

Search while thou wilt, and let thy reason goe
To ransome truth even to the Abysse below.

R'ally

Rally the ſcattered cauſes, and that line
Which nature twiſts be able to untwine.
It is thy Makers will, for unto none
But unto reaſon can be ere be knowne.
The Devills doe know thee, but thoſe damned mens
Build not thy glory, but confound thy creatures.
Teach my endeavours ſo thy workes to read,
That learning them, in thee I may proceed.
Give thou my reaſon that inſtructive flight,
Whoſe weary wings may on thy hands ſtill light.
Teach me to ſoare aloft, yet ever ſo,
When neare the Sunne, to ſtoope againe below.
Thus ſhall my humble feathers ſafely hover,
And though neere earth, more then the heavens diſcover
And then at laſt, when holmeward I ſhall drive
Rich with the ſpoyles of nature to my hive,
There will I ſit, like that induſtrious flye,
Buzzing thy prayſes, which ſhall never die
Till death abrupts them, and ſucceeding glory
Bid me goe on in a more laſting ſtory.

And this is almoſt all wherein an humble creature may endeavour to requite, and ſomeway to retribute unto his Creator; for if not he that ſayeth *Lord, Lord, but he that doth the will of the Father ſhall be ſaved*; certainely our wills muſt bee our performances, and our intents make out our actions; otherwiſe our pious la-

bours

ours shall finde anxiety in their graves,
and our best endeavours not hope, but
feare a resurrection.

There is but one first cause, and foure Sect. 14
second causes of all things; some are
without efficient, as God, others with-
out matter, as Angels, some without
forme, as the first matter, but every
Essence, created or uncreated, hath its
finall cause, and some positive end both
of its Essence and operation; This is the
cause I grope after in the workes of na-
ture, on this hangs the providence of
God; to raise so beauteous a structure,
as the world and the creatures thereof,
was but his Art, but their sundry and
divided operations with their predesti-
nated ends, are from the treasury of his
owne wisedome. In the causes, nature, and af-
fections of the Eclipse of Sunne and
Moone, there is most excellent specula-
tion; but to profound farther, and to
contemplate a reason why his provi-
dence hath so disposed and ordered
their motions in that vast circle, as to

conjoyne and obſcure each other, is a ſweeter piece of reaſon, and a divine point of Philoſophy; therefore ſometimes, and in ſome things there appeares to mee as much divinity in *Galen* his Books *De uſu partium*, as in *Suarez* Metaphyſicks: Had *Ariſtotle* beene as curious in the enquiry of this cauſe as he was of the other, hee had not left behinde him an imperfect piece of Philoſophy, but an abſolute tract of Divinity.

Sect. 15. *Natura nihil agit fruſtra*, is the onely indiſputable axiome in Philoſophy; there are no *Groteſques* in nature; nor any thing framed to fill up empty cantons, and unneceſſary ſpaces; in the moſt imperfect creatures, and ſuch as were not preſerved in the Arke, but having their ſeeds and principles in the wombe of nature, are every-where where the power of the Sun is; in theſe is the wiſedome of his hand diſcovered: Out of this rank *Solomon* choſe the object of his admiration, indeed what reaſon may not goe to Schoole to the wiſ-

dome

dome of Bees, Aunts, and Spiders? what wise hand teacheth them to doe what reason cannot teach us? ruder heads stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of nature, Whales, Elephants, Dromidaries, and Camels; these I conceive, are the Colossus and Majestick pieces of her hand; but in these narrow Engines there is more curious Mathematicks, and the civilitie of these little Citizens, more neatly set forth the wisedome of their Maker; Who admires not *Regio-Montanus* his Fly beyond his Eagle, or wonders not more at the operation of two soules in those little bodies, than but one in the trunck of a Cedar? I could never content my contemplation with those generall pieces of wonders, the flux and reflux of the sea, the encrease of Nile, the conversion of the Needle to the North, and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of Nature, which without further travell I can doe in the Cosmography of my selfe; wee carry with us the wonders, we seeke without

us: There is all *Africa*, and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that ſtudies, wiſely learnes in a *compendium*, what others labour at in a divided piece and endleſſe volume.

Sect. 16 Thus there are two bookes from whence I collect my Divinity; beſides that written one of God, another of his ſervant Nature, that univerſall and publik Manuſcript, that lies expans'd unto the eyes of all; thoſe that never ſaw him in the one, have diſcovered him in the other: This was the Scripture and Theology of the Heathens; the naturall motion of the Sun made them more admire him, than its ſupernaturall ſtation did the Children of Iſrael; the ordinary effect of nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all his miracles; ſurely the Heathens knew better how to joyne and reade theſe myſticall letters, than wee Chriſtians, who caſt a more careleſſe eye on theſe common Hieroglyphicks, and

disdain to suck Divinity from the flowers of nature. Nor do I so forget God, as to adore the name of Nature; which I define not with the Schooles, the principle of motion and rest, but, that streight and regular line, that setled and constant course the wisedome of God hath ordained the actions of his creatures, according to their severall kinds. To make a revolution every day is the nature of the Sun, because that necessary course which God hath ordained it, from which it cannot swerve, by a faculty from that voyce which first did give it motion. Now this course of Nature God seldome alters or perverts, but like an excellent Artist hath so contrived his worke, that with the selfe same instrument, without a new creation hee may effect his obscurest designes. Thus he sweetneth the water with a wood, preserveth the creatures in the Arke, which the blast of his mouth might have as easily created: for God is like a skilfull Geometrician, who when more easily, and with one stroke of his Compasse, he

might describe, or divide a right line, had yet rather doe this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and forelaid principles of his art: yet this rule of his hee doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, lest the arrogancy of our reason should question his power, and conclude he could not; & thus I call the effects of nature the works of God, whose hand & instrument she only is; and therefore to ascribe his actions unto her, is to devolve the honor of the principall agent, upon the instrument; which if with reason we may doe, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honour of our writings. I hold there is a generall beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever: I cannot tell by what Logick we call a Toad, a Beare, or an Elephant, ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best expresse the actions of their inward formes. And having past that generall

vifration of God, who ſaw that all that he had made was good, that is, conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty; there is no deformity but in monſtroſity, wherein notwithſtanding there is a kind of beauty, Nature ſo ingeniouſly contriving the irregular parts, as they become ſometimes more remarkable than the principall Fabrick. To ſpeake yet more narrowly, there was never any thing ugly, or miſ-ſhapen, but the Chaos; wherein notwithſtanding to ſpeake ſtrictly, there was no deformity, becauſe no forme, nor was it yet impregnate by the voyce of God: Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the ſervants of his providence: Art is the perfection of Nature: Were the world now as it was the ſixt day, there were yet a Chaos: Nature hath made one world, and Art another. In briefe, all things are artificiall, for nature is the Art of God.

This is the ordinary and open way Sect. 17 of

of his providence, which art and industry have in a good part discovered, whose effects wee may foretell without an Oracle; To foreshew these is not Propheſie, but Prognostication. There is another way full of Meanders and Labyrinths, whereof the Devill and Spirits have no exact Ephemerides, and that is a more particular and obscure method of his providence, directing the operations of individualls and single Essences; this we call Fortune, that serpentine and crooked line, whereby he drawes those actions his wisedome intends in a more unknowne and secret way; This cryptick and involved method of his providence have I ever admired, nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my dayes, the escapes of dangers, and hits of chance with a *Bezo las Manos*, to Fortune, or a bare Gramercy to my good starres: *Abraham* might have thought the Ram in the thicket came thither by accident; humane reason would have said that meere chance conveyed *Moses* in the Arke to the sight of

Pharaohs

Pharaohs daughter; what a Labyrinth is there in the ſtory of *Joſeph*, able to convert a Stoick? Surely there are in every mans life certaine rubs, doublings and wrenches which paſſe a while under the effects of chance, but at the laſt, well examined, prove the meere hand of God: 'Twas not dumbe chance, that to diſcover the Fougade or Powder plot, contrived a miſcarriage in the letter. I like the victory of 88. the better for that one occurrence which our enemies imputed to our diſhonour, and the partiality of Fortune, to wit, the tempeſts and contrarietie of winds. King *Philip* did not detract from the Nation, when he ſaid, he ſent his Armado to fight with men, and not to combate with the winds. Where there is a manifeſt diſproportion between the powers and forces of two ſeverall agents, upon a maxime of reaſon wee may promiſe the victory to the ſuperiour; but when unexpected accidents ſlip in, and unthought of occurrences intervene, theſe muſt proceed from a power that owes no obedience to

thoſe

thoſe axioms: where, as in the writing upon the wall, we behold the hand, but ſee not the ſpring that moves it. The ſucceſſe of that pety Province of Holland (of which the Grand Seignieur proudly ſaid, That if they ſhould trouble him as they did the Spaniard, hee would ſend his men with ſhovels and pick-axes and throw it into the Sea) I cannot altogether aſcribe to the ingenuity and induſtry of the people, but to the mercy of God, that hath diſpoſed them to ſuch a thriving *Genius*; and to the will of his providence, that diſpoſeth her favour to each Countrey in their preordinate ſeaſon. All cannot be happy at once, for becauſe the glory of one State depends upon the ruine of another, there is a revolution and viciſſitude of their greatneſſe, and muſt obey the ſwing of that wheele, not moved by intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all Eſtates ariſe to their Zenith and verticall points, according to their predeſtinated periods. For the lives not onely of men, but of Commonweales, and the whole

world,

orld, run not upon an Helix that ſtill largeth, but on a Circle, where arriving to their Meridian, they decline in obſcurity, and fall under the Horizon againe.

Sect. 18.

Theſe muſt not therefore bee named the effects of fortune, but in a relative way, and as we terme the workes of nature. It was the ignorance of mans reaſon that begat this very name, and by a careleſſe terme miſcalled the providence of God: for there is no liberty for cauſes to operate in a looſe and ſtragling way, nor any effect whatſoever, but hath its warrant from ſome univerſall or ſuperiour cauſe. 'Tis not a ridiculous devotion, to ſay a Prayer before a game at Tables; for even in *ſortilegies* and matters of greateſt uncertainty, there is a ſetled and preordered courſe of effects; 'tis we that are blind, not fortune: becauſe our eye is too dim to diſcover the myſtery of her effects, we fooliſhly paint her blind, & hoodwink the providence of the Almighty. I cannot juſtifie that contemptible

temptible Proverb, *That fooles onely are fortunate*; or that insolent Paradox, *That a wise man is out of the reach of fortune*; much lesse those opprobrious Epithets of Poets, *Whore*, *Baud*, and *Strumpet*: 'Tis I confesse the common fate of men of singular gifts of mind, to be destitute of those of fortune; which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgements, who throughly understand the justice of this proceeding; and being enriched with higher donatives, cast a more careless eye on these vulgar parts of felicity. 'Tis a most unjust ambition, to desire to engrosse the mercies of the Almighty, nor to be content with the goods of mind, without a possession of those of body or fortune: and 'tis an errour worse than heresie, to adore these cõplementall & circumstantiall pieces of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essentiall points of happinesse, wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser desires 'tis satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy the favours of fortune; let providence provide for fooles:

'tis

s not partiality, but equity in God, who
ales with us but as our naturall pa-
nts; those that are able of body and
ind, he leaves to their deserts; to those
weaker merits hee imparts a larger
ortion, and pieces out the defect of one
y the excesse of the other. Thus have
ee no just quarrell with Nature, for
aving us naked, or to envie the hornes,
oofs, skins, and furs of other creatures,
eing provided with reason, that can
pply them all. Wee need not labour
ith so many arguments to confute ju-
iciall Astrology; for if there be a truth
herein, it doth not injure Divinity; if to
e born under *Mercury* disposeth us to
e witty, under *Iupiter* to be wealthy, I
oe not owe a knee unto these, but unto
hat mercifull hand that hath ordered
ny indifferent and uncertaine nativity
nto such benevolous aspects. Those
hat hold that all things were governed
y fortune had not erred, had they not
erstifted there: The Romans that ere-
ed a Temple to Fortune, acknowledg-
ed therein, though in a blinder way,

some-

somewhat of Divinity; for in a w
supputation all things begin and end
the Almighty. There is a neerer w
to heaven than *Homers* chaine; an ea
Logick may conjoyne heaven and ea
in one argument, and with lesse than
Sorites resolve all things into God. F
though wee Christen effects by the
most sensible and neareſt causes, yet
God the true and infallible cause of a
whose concourse though it be general
yet doth it subdivide it selfe into the par
ticular actions of every thing, and is tha
spirit, by which each singular essence no
onely subsists, but performes its ope
ration.

Sect. 19. The bad construction and perverse comment on these paire of second cau-ses, or visible hands of God, have per-verted the devotion of many unto A-theisme; who forgetting the honest ad-vises of faith, have listened unto the conspiracie of Passion and Reason. I have therefore alwayes endeavoured to compose those fewds and angry dissenti-

ons

between affection, faith, and reason: there is in our soule a kind of Triumvirate, or Triple government of three competitors, which distract the peace of this our Common-wealth, not lesse than did that other the State of Rome.

As Reason is a rebell unto Faith, so passion unto Reason: As the propositions of Faith seeme absurd unto Reason, so the Theorems of Reason unto passion, and both unto Reason; yea a moderate and peaceable discretion may so state and order the matter, that they may bee all Kings, and yet make but one Monarchy, every one exercising his Soveraignty and Prerogative in a due time and place, according to the restraint and limit of circumstance. There is, as in Philosophy, so in Divinity, sturdy doubts, and boysterous objections, wherewith the unhappinesse of our knowledge too nearely acquainteth us. More of these no man hath knowne than my selfe, which I confesse I conquered, not in a martiall posture, but on my knees. For our endeavours are not onely to combate with

doubts

doubts, but alwayes to dispute with t
Devill; the villany of that spirit tak
a hint of infidelity from our Studies, a
by demonstrating a naturality in o
way, makes us mistrust a miracle in an
ther. Thus having perus'd the Arch
doxis and read the secret Sympathie
of things, he would disswade my belie
from the miracle of the Brazen Serpen
make me conceit that image work'd b
Sympathie, and was but an Ægyptia
tricke to cure their diseases without
miracle. Againe, having seene some ex
periments of *Bitumen*, and having rea
farre more of *Naptha*, he whispered to
my curiositie the fire of the Altar migh
be naturall, and bid me mistrust a mira
cle in *Elias* when he entrench'd the Al
tar round with water, for that inflamable
substance yeelds not easily unto water,
but flames in the armes of its Antago
nist: and thus would hee inveagle my
beliefe to thinke the combustion of *So
dom* might be naturall, and that there
was an Asphaltick and Bituminous na
ture in that Lake before the fire of *Go
morrha.*

Barba: I know that Manna is now plentifully gathered in *Calabria*, and *Josephus* tels me in his dayes 'twas as plentifull in *Arabia*; the Devill therefore made the *quere*, Where was then the miracle in the dayes of *Moses*? the *Israelites* saw but that in his time, the natives of those Countries behold in ours. Thus the Devill playd at Cheſſe with mee, and yeelding a pawne, thought to gaine the Queen of me, taking advantage of my honeſt endeavours; and whilſt I labour'd to raiſe the ſtructure of my reaſon, hee undermin'd to undermine the edifice of my faith.

Neither had theſe or any other ever ſuch advantage of me, as to encline me to any point of infidelity or deſperate poſitions of Atheiſme; for I have beene theſe many yeares of opinion there was never any. Thoſe that held Religion was the difference of man from beaſts, have ſpoken probably, and proceed upon a principle as inductive as the other: That doctrine of *Epicurus*, that denied *Sect.* 20.

the providence of God, was no Atheism but a magnificent and high-strained conceit of his Majesty, which hee deemed too sublime to minde the trivial actions of those inferiour creatures. That fatall necessitie of the Stoickes, is nothing but the immutable Law of his will. Those that heretofore denied the Divinitie of the holy Ghost, have been condemned but as Heretickes; and those that now deny our Saviour (though more than Hereticks) are not so much as Atheists: for though they deny two persons in the Trinity, they hold as we do, there is but one God.

That villain and Secretary of Hell, that composed that miscreant piece of the three Impostors, though divided from all Religions, and was neither Jew, Turk, nor Christian, was not a positive Atheist. I confesse every Country hath its *Machiavell*, every age its *Lucian*, whereof common heads must not heare, nor more advanced judgements too rashly venture on: 'tis the Rhetorick of Satan, and may per-

...ert a loose or prejudicate beleefe.

I confesse I have perused them all, and Sect. 21.
...an discover nothing that may startle a
...discreet beliefe: yet are there heads car-
...ied off with the wind and breath of
...ch motives. I remember a Doctor in
...hysick of Italy, who could not perfect-
...y believe the immortality of the soule,
...ecause *Galen* seemed to make a doubt
...hereof. With another I was familiar-
...y acquainted in France, a Divine and
...an of singular parts, that on the same
...oint was so plunged and gravelled
...ith * three lines of *Seneca*, that all our
Antidotes, drawne from both Scripture
...nd Philosophy, could not expell the
...oyson of his errour. There are a set of
...eads, that can credit the relations of
Mariners, yet question the testi-
monies of Saint *Paul*; and peremptori-
...y maintaine the traditions of *Ælian* or
...*liny*, yet in Histories of Scripture, raise
Quere's and objections, beleeving no
...more than they can parallel in humane
...Authors. I confesse there are in Scrip-

* *Post mortem nihil est ipsaq; mors nihil. Mors individua est noxia corpori, Nec patiens animæ — Toti morimur, nullaq; pars manet Nostri —*

ture stories that doe exceed the fables of Poets, and to a captious Reader soun like *Garagantua* or *Bevis*: Search all th Legends of times past, and the fabulou conceits of these present, and 'twill be hard to find one that deserves to carr the buckler unto *Sampson*, yet is all this o an easie possibility, if we conceive a di vine concourse or an influence but fro the little finger of the Almighty. It impossible that either in the discourse o man, or in the infallible voyce of God to the weakenesse of our apprehension there should not appeare irregularities contradictions, and antinomies: my selfe could shew a catalogue of doubts never yet imagined nor questioned, a I know, which are not resolved at th first hearing, not fantastick Quere's or objections of ayre: For I cannot heare of Atoms in Divinity. I can rea the history of the Pigeon that wa sent out of the Ark, and returned no more, yet not question how shee found out her mate that was left behind: Tha *Lazarus* was raised from the dead, ye

demand where in the interim his ſoule awaited; or raiſe a Law-caſe, whether his heire might lawfully detaine his inheritance, bequeathed unto him by his death; and he, though reſtored to life, have no Plea or title unto his former poſſeſſions. Whether *Eve* was fraimed out of the left ſide of *Adam*, I diſpute not; becauſe I ſtand not yet aſſured which is the right ſide of a man, or whether there be any ſuch diſtinction in Nature; that ſhe was edified out of the ribbe of *Adam* I believe, yet raiſe no queſtion who ſhall ariſe with that ribbe at the Reſurrection. Whether *Adam* was an Hermaphrodite, as the Rabbines contend upon the letter of the Text; becauſe it is contrary to reaſon, there ſhould bee an Hermaphrodite before there was a woman, or a compoſition of two natures, before there was a ſecond compoſed. Likewiſe, whether the world was created in Autumne, Summer, or the Spring; becauſe it was created in them all; for whatſoever Signe the Sun poſſeſſeth, thoſe foure ſeaſons are actu-

ally existent? It is the nature of this Luminary to distinguish the severall seasons of the yeare, all which it makes at one time in the whole earth, and successive in any part thereof. There are a bundle of curiosities, not onely in Philosophy but in Divinity, proposed and discussed by men of most supposed abilities, which indeed are not worthy our vacant houres, much lesse our serious studies; Pieces onely fit to be placed in *Pantagruels* Library, or bound up with *Tartaretus de modo Cacandi*.

In *Rabelais*.

Sect. 22. These are niceties that become not those that peruse so serious a Mystery. There are others more generally questioned and called to the Barre, yet me thinkes of an easie, and possible truth. 'Tis ridiculous to put off, or drowne the generall Flood of *Noah* in that great particular inundation of *Deucalion*: that there was a Deluge once, seemes not to me so great a miracle, as that there is not one alwayes. How all the kinds of Creatures, not only in their owne bulks,

but with a competency of food & susten-
ance, might be preserved in one Arke,
and within the extent of three hundred
cubits, to a reason that rightly examines
it, will appeare very feesible. There is
another secret, not contained in the
Scripture, which is more hard to com-
prehend, & put the honest Father to the
refuge of a Miracle; and that is, not
only how the distinct pieces of the
world, and divided Ilands should bee
first planted by men, but inhabited by
Tygers, Panthers and Beares. How
America abounded with beasts of prey,
and noxious Animals, yet contained not
in it that necessary creature, a Horse, is
very strange. By what passage those, not
only Birds, but dangerous and unwel-
come Beasts came over: How
there bee creatures there, which
are not found in this triple Continent;
all which must needs bee strange unto
us, that hold but one Arke, and that
the creatures began their progresse from
the mountaines of *Ararat*. They who to
salve this would make the Deluge par-

ticular, proceed upon a Principle that I cannot any way grant; not onely upon the negative of holy Scriptures, but of mine owne reason, whereby I can make it probable, that the world was as well peopled in the time of *Noah* as in ours, and fifteene hundred yeares to people the world, as full a time for them as foure thousand yeares since have beene to us. There are other assertions and common tenents drawn from Scripture, and generally beleeved as Scripture; whereunto, notwithstanding, I would never betray the libertie of my reason. 'Tis a Paradoxe to me, that *Methusalem* was the longest liv'd of all the children of *Adam*, and no man will bee able to prove it; when from the processe of the Text I can manifest it may be otherwise. That *Judas* perished by hanging himself, there is no certainety in Scripture, though in one place it seemes to affirme it, and by a doubtfull word hath given occasion to translate it; yet in another place, in a more punctuall description it makes it improbable, and seemes to

werthrow it. That our Fathers, after the Flood, erected the Tower of *Babell*, to preserve themselves against a second Deluge, is generally opinioned and believed, yet is there another intention of theirs expressed in Scripture: Besides, it is improbable from the circumstance of the place, that is, a plaine in the land of *Shinar*. These are no points of Faith, and therefore may admit a free dispute. There are yet others, and those familiarly concluded from the Text, wherein (under favour) I see no consequence. The Church of Rome confidently proves the opinion of Tutelary Angels, from that answer when *Peter* knockt at the doore, *'Tis not he but his Angel*; that is, might some say, his Messenger, or some body from him, for so the Originall signifies, and is as likely to be the doubtfull Families meaning. This exposition I once suggested to a young Divine, that answered upon this point, to which I remember the *Franciscan* Opponent replyed no more, but, That it was a new and no authentick interpretation.

These

Sect. 23. These are but the conclusions, and fallible discourses of man upon the word of God, for such I doe beleeve the holy Scriptures; yet were it of man, I could not choose but say, it was the singularest, and superlative Piece that hath been extant since the Creation; were I a Pagan, I should not refraine the Lecture of it; and cannot but commend the judgement of *Ptolomy*, that thought not his Library compleate without it: the Alcoran of the Turks (I speake without prejudice) is an ill composed Piece, containing in it vaine and ridiculous errours in Philosophy, impossibilities, fictions, and vanities beyond laughter, maintained by evident and open Sophismes, the policy of Ignorance, deposition of Universities, and banishment of Learning, that hath gotten foot by armes and violence, This without a blow hath disseminated it selfe through the whole earth. It is not unremarkable what *Philo* first observed, That the Law of *Moses* continued two thousand yeares with-

without the least alteration; whereas, we see the Lawes of other Commonwealths doe alter with occasions; and even those that pretended their originall from some Divinity, to have vanished without trace or memory. I believe, besides *Zoroaster*, there were divines that writ before *Moses*, who notwithstanding have suffered the common fate of time. Mens Workes have an age like themselves; and though they outlive their Authors, yet have they a finit and period to their duration: This only is a Worke too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the generall flames, when all things shall confesse their ashes.

I have heard some with deepe sighs lament the lost lines of *Cicero*; others with as many groanes deplore the combustion of the Library of *Alexandria*; for my owne part, I thinke there be too many in the world, and could with patience behold the urne and ashes of the *Vatican*, could I with a few others recover *Sect.* 24.

ver the perished leaves of *Soloman*. would not omit a Copy of *Enochs* Pillars, had they many neerer Author than *Josephus*, or did not relish somewhat of the Fable. Some men have written more than others have spoken. * *Pineda* quotes more Authors in one worke, than are necessary in a whole world. Of those three great inventions in *Germany*, there are two which are not without their incommodities, and 'tis disputable whether they exceed not their use and commodities. 'Tis not a melancholy *Utinam* of mine owne, but the desires of better heads, that there were a generall Synod; not to unite the incompatible difference of Religion, but for the benefit of learning, to reduce it as it lay at first in a few and solid Authours; and to condemne to the fire those swarms and millions of *Rhapsodies*, begotten onely to distract and abuse the weaker judgements of Scholars, and to maintaine the Trade and Mystery of Typographers.

* *Pineda* in his *Monarchia Ecclesiastica* quotes one thousand and fortie Authors.

Sect. 25. I cannot but wonder with what exceptions

ceptions the *Samaritanes* could confine their beliefe to the *Pentateuch*, or five books of *Moses*. I am ashamed at the Rabbinicall Interpretation of the Jews, upon the Old Testament, as much as their defection from the New: and truely it is beyond wonder, how that contemptible and degenerate issue of *Jacob*, once so devoted to Ethnick Superstition, and so easily seduced to the Idolatry of their Neighbours, should now in such an obstinate and peremptory beliefe, adhere unto their owne Doctrine, expect impossibilities, and in the face and eye of the Church persist without the least hope of conversion: This is a vice in them, that were a vertue in us; for obstinacy in a bad cause, is but constancy in a good. And herein I must accuse those of my own Religion; for there is not any of such a fugitive faith, such an unstable belief, as a Christian; none that do so oft transforme themselves, not unto severall shapes of Christianity and of the same Species, but unto more unnaturall and contrary formes, of Jew and Maho-

Mahometan, that from the name of Saviour can condescend to the bare term of Prophet; and from an old belief that he is come, fall to a new expectation of his comming: It is the promise of Christ to make us all one flock; but how and when this union shall be, is as obscure to me as the last day. Of those foure members of Religion wee hold a slender proportion; there are I confesse some new additions, yet small to those which accrew to our Adversaries, and those onely drawne from the revolt of Pagans, men but of negative impieties, and such as deny Christ, but because they never heard of him: But the Religion of the Jew is expresly against the Christian, and the Mahometan against both; for the Turke, in the bulke hee now stands, he is beyond all hope of conversion; if hee fall asunder there may be conceived hopes, but not without strong improbabilities. The Jew is obstinate in all fortunes; the persecution of fifteene hundred yeares hath but confirmed them in their errour: they have

ve already endured whatsoever may
e inflicted, and have suffered, in a bad
ause, even to the condemnation of
our enemies. Persecution is a bad and
direct way to plant Religion; It hath
een the unhappy method of angry
evotions, not onely to confirme ho-
est Religion, but wicked Heresies, and
extravagant opinions. It was the first
tone and Basis of our Faith, none can
more justly boast of persecutions, and
glory in the number and valour of Mar-
yrs; For, to speake properly, those are
rue and almost onely examples of for-
itude: Those that are fetch'd from the
field, or drawne from the actions of
the Campe, are not oft-times so truely
precedents of valour as audacity, and at
the best attaine but to some bastard
piece of fortitude: If wee shall strictly
examine the circumstances and requi-
sites which *Aristotle* requires to true and
perfect valour, we shall finde the name
onely in his Master *Alexander*, and as
little in that Romane Worthy, *Julius*
Cæsar, and if any, in that easie and active
way,

way, have done so nobly as to deserv
that name, yet in the passive and mo
terrible piece these have surpassed, an
in a more heroicall way may claime th
honour of that Title. 'Tis not in th
power of every honest faith to proceed
thus farre, or passe to Heaven through
the flames; every one hath it not in th
full measure, nor in so audacious an
resolute a temper, as to endure thos
terrible tests and trialls, who notwith-
standing in a peaceable way doe truely
adore their Saviour, and have (no
doubt) a faith acceptable in the eyes o
God.

Sect. 26. Now as all that die in warre are
not termed Souldiers, so neither can I
properly terme all those that suffer in
matters of Religion Martyrs. The
Councell of *Constance* condemnes *John*
Husse for an Heretick, the Stories of his
owne party stile him a Martyr; He must
needs offend the Divinity of both, that
sayes hee was neither the one nor the
other: There are many (questionlesse)
canoni-

anonized on earth, that ſhall never be Saints in Heaven; and have their names in Hiſtories and Martyrologies, who in the eyes of God, are not ſo perfect Martyrs as was that wiſe Heathen *Socrates*, that ſuffered on a fundamentall point of Religion, the Unity of God. I have often pitied the miſerable Biſhop that ſuffered in the cauſe of *Antipodes*; yet cannot chooſe but accuſe him of as much madneſſe, for expoſing his living on ſuch a trifle, as thoſe of ignorance and folly that condemned him. I think my conſcience will not give me the lie, if I ſay, there are not many extant that in a noble way feare the face of death leſſe than my ſelfe, yet from the morall duty I owe to the Commandement of God, and the naturall reſpects that I tender unto the conſervation of my eſſence and being, I would not periſh upon a Ceremony, Politick points, or indifferency: nor is my beleefe of that untractable temper, as not to bow at their obſtacles, or connive at matters wherein there are not manifeſt impieties: The leaven

therefore and ferment of all, not only Civill, but Religious actions, is wisedome; without which, to commit ourselves to the flames is Homicide, and (I feare) but to passe through one fire into another.

Sect. 27. That Miracles are ceased, I can neither prove, nor absolutely deny, much lesse define the time and period of their cessation; that they survived Christ, is manifest upon record of Scripture; that they out-lived the Apostles also, and were revived at the conversion of Nations many yeares after, we cannot deny, if wee shall not question those Writers whose testimonies wee doe not controvert, in points that make for our owne opinions; therefore that may have some truth in it that is reported by the Jesuites of their Miracles in the Indies, I could wish it were true, or had any other testimony then their owne Pennes they may easily beleeve those Miracles abroad, who daily conceive a greater at home; the transmutation of those visible

the elements into the body and blood of our Saviour: for the conversion of water into wine, which he wrought in *Cana*, or what the Devill would have had him done in the wilderneſſe, of ſtones into Bread, compared to this, will ſcarce deſerve the name of a Miracle: Though indeed, to ſpeake properly, there is not one Miracle greater than another, they being the extraordinary effect of the hand of God, to which all things are of an equall facility; and to create the world as eaſie as one ſingle creature. For this is alſo a miracle, not onely to produce effects againſt, or above Nature, but before Nature; and to create Nature as great a miracle, as to contradict or tranſcend her. Wee doe too narrowly define the power of God, reſtraining it to our capacities. I hold that God can doe all things, how he ſhould work cõtradictions I do not underſtand, yet dare not therefore deny. I cannot ſee why the Angel of God ſhould queſtion *Eſdras* to recall the time paſt, if it were beyond his owne power; or that

God ſhould poſe mortalitie in that which hee was not able to perform himſelfe. I will not ſay God cannot but hee will not performe many things which wee plainely affirme he cannot this I am ſure is the mannerlieſt propoſition, wherein notwithſtanding I hold no Paradox. For ſtrictly his power is the ſame with his will, and they both with all the reſt doe make but one God.

Sect. 28. Therefore that Miracles have beene I doe beleeve, that they may yet bee wrought by the living I doe not deny but have no confidence in thoſe which are fathered on the dead; and this hath ever made me ſuſpect the efficacy of reliques, to examine the bones, queſtion the habits and appertinencies of Saints, and even of Chriſt himſelfe: I cannot conceive why the Croſſe that *Helena* found and whereon Chriſt himſelf died ſhould have power to reſtore others unto life; I excuſe not *Conſtantine* from a fall off his horſe, or a miſchiefe from his enemies, upon the wearing thoſe

nayles

ayles on his bridle which our Saviour ore upon the Croſſe in his hands: I ompute among your *Piæ fraudes*, nor any degrees before conſecrated words and roſes, that wh ch *Baldwin* King of Jeruſalem return'd the *Genoveſe* for their coſt and paines in his warre, to wit the aſhes of *John* the Baptiſt. Thoſe that hold the ſanctitie of their ſoules doth leave behind a tincture and ſacred facultie on their bodies, ſpeake naturally of Miracles, and doe not ſalve the doubt. Now one reaſon I tender ſo little devotion unto reliques is, I think, the ſlender and doubtfull reſpect I have alwayes held unto Antiquities: for that indeed which I admire is farre before antiquity, that is Eternity, and that is God himſelfe; who though hee be ſtiled the Antient of dayes, cannot receive the adjunct of antiquity, who was before the world, and ſhall be after it, yet is not older then it: for in his yeares there is no Climacter, his duration is eternity, and farre more venerable then antiquitie.

ect. 29. But above all things, I wonder how the curiositie of wiser heads could passe that great and indisputable miracle, the cessation of Oracles: and in what swoun their reasons lay, to content themselves and sit downe with such far-fetch't and ridiculous reasons as *Plutarch* alleadgeth for it. The Jewes that can beleeve the supernaturall solstice of the Sunne in the dayes of *Joshua*, have yet the impudence to deny the Eclipse, which every Pagan confessed at his death: but for this, it is evident beyond all contradiction, *the Devill himselfe confessed it. Certainly it is not a warrantable curiosity, to examine the verity of Scripture by the concordance of humane history, or seek to confirme the Chronicle of *Hester* or *Daniel*, by the authority of *Magasthenes* or *Herodotus*. I confesse I have had an unhappy curiosity this way, till I laughed my selfe out of it with a piece of *Justine*, where hee delivers that the children of *Israel* for being scabbed were banished out of Egypt. And truely since I have

In his Oracle to Augustus.

understood the occurrences of the world, and know in what counterfeit shapes & deceitfull vizzards time represents on the stage things past; I doe believe them little more than things to come. Some have beene of my opinion, and endevoured to write the History of their own lives; wherein *Moses* hath outgone them all, and left not onely the story of his life, but as some will have it of his death also.

It is a riddle to me, how this story of Oracles hath not worm'd out of the world that doubtfull conceit of Spirits and Witches; how so many learned heads should so farre forget their Metaphysicks, and destroy the Ladder and scale of creatures, as to question the existence of Spirits: for my part, I have ever believed and doe now know, that there are Witches; they that doubt of these, doe not onely deny them, but Spirits; and are obliquely and upon consequence a sort, not of Infidels, but Atheists. Those *Sect.* 30.

that to confute their incredulity desire to see apparitions, shall questionlesse never behold any, nor have the power to be so much as Witches; the Devill hath them already in a heresie as capitall as Witchcraft, and to appeare to them, were but to convert them: Of all the delusions wherewith he deceives mortalitie, there is not any that puzleth mee more than the Legerdemain of *Changelings*; I doe not credit those transformations of reasonable creatures into beasts, or that the Devill hath a power to transpeciate a man into a horse, who tempted Christ (as a triall of his Divinitie) to convert but stones into bread. I could beleeve that Spirits use with man the act of carnality, and that in both sexes; I conceive they may assume, steale, or contrive a body, wherein there may be action enough to content decrepit lust, or passion to satisfie more active veneries; yet in both, without a possibility of generation: and therefore that opinion, that Antichrist should be borne of the Tribe of *Dan* by conjunction

with the Devill, is ridiculous, and a conceit fitter for a Rabbin than a Christian. I hold that the Devill doth really possesse some men, the spirit of melancholy others, the spirit of delusion others; that as the Devill is concealed and denyed by some, so God and good Angels are pretended by others, whereof the late defection of the Maid of Germany hath left a pregnant example.

Againe, I beleeve that all that use *Sect.* 31.
forceries, incantations, and spells, are not Witches, or as we terme them, Magicians; I conceive there is a traditionall Magicke, not learned immediately from the Devill, but at second hand from his Schollers; who having once the secret betrayed, are able, and doe emperically practice without his advice, they both proceeding upon the principles of nature: where actives aptly conjoyned to disposed passives, will under any Master produce their effects. Thus I thinke

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at first a great part of Philosophy was Witchcraft, which being afterward derived to one another, proved but Philosophy, and was indeed no more but the honest effects of Nature: What invented by us is Philosophy, learned from him is Magicke. Wee doe surely owe the discovery of many secrets to the discovery of good and bad Angels. I could never passe that sentence of *Paracelsus* without an asterisk or annotation; * *Ascendens constellatum multa revelat quarentibus magnalia naturæ*, i.e. *opera Dei*. I doe thinke that many mysteries ascribed to our owne inventions, have beene the courteous revelations of Spirits; for those noble essences in heaven beare a friendly regard unto their fellow-natures on earth; and therefore beleeve that those many prodigies and ominous prognostickes which fore-run the ruines of States, Princes, and private persons, are the charitable premonitions of good Angels, which more carelesse enquiries terme but the effects of chance and nature.

* Thereby meant a good Angel appointed us from our nativity.

Now besides these particular and di- Sect. 32.
vided Spirits, there may be (for ought I know) an universall and common Spirit to the whole world. It was the opinion of *Plato*, and it is yet of the *Hermeticall* Philosophers; if there be a common nature that unites and tyes the scattered and divided individuals into one species, why may there not bee one that unites them all? However, I am sure there is a common Spirit that playes within us, yet makes no part of us, and that is the Spirit of God, the fire and scintillation of that noble and mighty Essence, which is the life and radicall heat of spirits, and those essences that know not the vertue of the Sunne, a fire quite contrary to the fire of Hell: This is that gentle heate that brooded on the waters, and in six dayes hatched the world; this is that irradiation that dispells the mists of Hell, the clouds of horrour, feare, sorrow, despaire; and preserves the region of the mind in serenity: whosoever feels not the warme gale and gentle ventila-

tion

tion of this Spirit (though I feele his pulse) I dare not say he lives; for truely without this, to mee there is no heat under the Tropick; nor any light, though I dwelt in the body of the Sunne.

As when the labouring Sun hath wrought his track,
Up to the top of lofty Cancers *back,*
The icie Ocean cracks, the frozen pole
Thawes with the heat of the Celestiall coale;
So when thy absent beames begin t' impart
Againe a Solstice on my frozen heart,
My winters ov'r, my drooping spirits sing,
And every part revives into a Spring.
But if thy quickning beames a while decline,
And with their light blesse not this Orbe of mine,
A chilly frost surpriseth every member,
And in the midst of June I feele December.
O how this earthly temper doth debase
The noble Soule, in this her humble place!
Whose wingy nature ever doth aspire,
To reach that place whence first it tooke its fire.
These flames I feele, which in my heart doe dwell,
Are not thy beames, but take their fire from Hell:
O quench them all, and let thy light divine
Be as the Sunne to this poore Orbe of mine.

And to thy sacred Spirit convert those fires,
Whose earthly fumes choake my devout aspires.

Therefore for Spirits I am so farre from denying their existence, that I could easily beleeve, that not onely whole Countries, but particular persons have their Tutelary, and Guardian Angels: It is not a new opinion of the Church of *Rome*, but an old one of *Pythagoras* and *Plato*; there is no heresie in it, and if not manifestly defin'd in Scripture, yet is it an opinion of a good and wholesome use in the course and actions of a mans life, and would serve as an *Hypothesis* to salve many doubts, whereof common Philosophy affordeth no solution: Now if you demand my opinion and Metaphysicks of their natures, I confesse them very shallow, most of them in a negative way, like that of God; or in a comparative, between our selves and fellow creatures; for there is in this Universe a Staire, or manifest Scale of creatures, rising not disorderly, or in confusion, but with a comely me- *Sect.* 33.

thod

thod and proportion: betweene creatures of meere existence and things of life, there is a large disproportion of nature; betweene plants and animals or creatures of sense, a wider difference; between them and man, a farre greater; and if the proportion hold on, betweene man and Angels there should bee yet a greater. We doe not comprehend their natures, who retaine the first definition of *Porphyry*, and distinguish them from our selves by immortality; for before his fall, man also was immortall; yet must wee needs affirme that he had a different essence from the Angels: having therefore no certaine knowledge of their natures, 'tis no bad method of the Schooles, whatsoever perfection we finde obscurely in our selves, in a more compleate and absolute way to ascribe unto them. I beleeve they have an extemporary knowledge, and upon the first motion of their reason doe what we cannot without study or deliberation; that they know things by their formes, and define by specificall difference, what

we

we describe by accidents and properties; and therefore probabilities to us may not demonstrations unto them; that they have knowledge not onely of the specificall, but numericall formes of individualls, and understand by what reserved difference each single *Hypostasis* (besides the relation to its species) becomes its numericall selfe. That as the Soule hath a power to move the body it informes, so there's a Faculty to move any, though informe none; ours upon restraint of time, place, and distance; but that invisible hand that conveyed *Habakkuk* to the Lions den, or *Philip* to *Azotus*, infringeth this rule, and hath a secret conveyance, wherewith mortality is not acquainted; if they have that intuitive knowledge, whereby as in reflexion they behold the thoughts of one another, I cannot peremptorily deny but they know a great part of ours. They that to refute the Invocation of Saints have denied that they have any knowledge of our affaires below, have proceeded too farre, and must pardon my opinion

opinion, till I can thoroughly answ
that piece of Scripture, *At the conversi*
of a sinner the Angels of heaven rejoyce.
cannot with those in that great Fath
securely interpret the worke of the fi
day, *Fiat lux*, to the creation of Angels
though (I confesse) there is not any cre
ture that hath so neare a glympse of the
nature, as light in the Sunne and Ele
ments; we stile it a bare accident, bu
where it subsists alone, 'tis a spiritual
Substance, and may bee an Angel: i
briefe, conceive light invisible, and
that is a Spirit.

Sect. 34. These are certainly the Magisteriall &
master pieces of the Creator, the Flowe
(or as we may say) the best part of no-
thing, actually existing, what we are bu
in hopes, and probabilitie, we are onely
that amphibious piece betweene a cor-
porall and spirituall essence, that mid-
dle forme that linkes those two toge-
ther, and makes good the method of
God and nature, that jumps not from
extreames, but unites the incompati-
ble

distances by some middle and participating natures; that wee are the breath and similitude of God, it is indisputable, and upon record of holy Scripture; but to call our selves a Microcosme, or little world, I thought it only a pleasant trope of Rhetorick, till my neare judgement and second thoughts told me there was a reall truth therein: for first wee are a rude masse, and in the ranke of creatures, which onely are, and have a dull kinde of being not yet priviledged with life, or preferred to sense or reason; next we live the life of plants, the life of animals, the life of men, and at last the life of spirits, running on in one mysterious nature those five kinds of existences, which comprehend the creatures not onely of the world, but of the Universe; thus is man that great and true *Amphibium*, whose nature is disposed to live not onely like other creatures in divers elements, but in divided and distinguished worlds; for though there bee but one to sense, there are two to reason; the one visible, the other invisible, whereof *Moses*

seemes to have left description, and of the other so obscurely, that some part thereof are yet in controversie; and truely for the first chapters of *Genesis*, I must confesse a great deale of obscurity, though Divines have to the power of humane reason endeavoured to make all goe in a literall meaning, yet those allegoricall interpretations are also probable, and perhaps the mysticall method of *Moses* bred up in the Hieroglyphicall Schooles of the Egyptians.

Sect. 35. Now for that immateriall world, me thinkes wee need not wander so farre as the first moveable, for even in this materiall fabricke the spirits walke as freely exempt from the affection of time, place, and motion, as beyond the extreamest circumference: doe but extract from the corpulency of bodies, or resolve things beyond their first matter, and you discover the habitation of Angels, which if I call the ubiquitary, and omnipresent essence of God, I hope I shall not offend Divinity; for before

efore the Creation of the world God
as really all things. For the An-
gels hee created no new world, or
determinate mansion, and therefore
hey are every where where is his es-
ence, and doe live at a distance even
n himselfe: that God made all things
or man, is in some sense true, yet not
o farre as to subordinate the creation
of those purer creatures unto ours,
though as ministring spirits they doe,
and are willing to fulfill the will of God
in these lower and sublunary affaires of
man; God made all things for himself,
and it is impossible hee should make
them for any other end than his owne
glory; it is all he can receive, and all that
is without himselfe; for honour being an
externall adjunct, and in the honourer
rather than in the person honoured, it
was necessary to make a creature, from
whom hee might receive this homage,
and that is in the other world Angels, in
this, man; which when we neglect, we
forget the very end of our creation, and
may justly provoke God, not onely

to repent that hee hath made the world, but that hee hath ſworne he would not deſtroy it. That there is but one world, is a concluſion of faith. *Ariſtotle* with all his Philoſophy hath not beene able to prove it, and as weakely that the world was eternall; that diſpute much troubled the penne of the antient Philoſophers, but *Moſes* decided that queſtion, and all is ſalved with the new terme of a creation, that is, a production of ſomething out of nothing; and what is that? Whatſoever is oppoſite to ſomething or more exactly, that which is truely contrary unto God: for he onely is, all others have an exiſtence, with dependency and are ſomething but by a diſtinction; and herein is Divinity conformant unto Philoſophy, and generation not onely founded on contrarieties, but alſo creation; God being all things is contrary unto nothing out of which were made all things, and ſo nothing became ſomething, and *Omneity* informed *Nullity* into an eſſence.

The

The whole Creation is a myſtery, *Sect.* 35.
and particularly that of man, at the
blaſt of his mouth were the reſt of the
creatures made, and at his bare word
they ſtarted out of nothing: but in the
frame of man (as the text deſcribes it)
he played the ſenſible operator, and
ſeemed not ſo much to create, as make
him; when hee had ſeparated the ma-
terials of other creatures, there conſe-
quently reſulted a forme and ſoule,
but having raiſed the wals of man, he
was driven to a ſecond and harder cre-
ation of a ſubſtance like himſelfe, an in-
corruptible and immortall ſoule. For
theſe two affections we have the Philo-
ſophy, and opinion of the Heathens, the
flat affirmative of *Plato*, and not a ne-
gative from *Ariſtotle*: there is another
ſcruple caſt in by Divinity (concerning
its production) much diſputed in the
Germane auditories, and with that in-
differency and equality of arguments, as
leave the controverſie undetermined.
I am not of *Paracelſus* minde that

boldly delivers a receipt to make a man without conjunction, yet cannot but wonder at the multitude of heads that doe deny traduction, having no other argument to confirme their beliefe, then that Rhetoricall sentence, and *Antimetathesis* of *Augustine*, *Creando infunditur, infundendo creatur*: either opinion will consist well enough with religion, yet I should rather incline to this, did not one objection haunt mee, not wrung from speculations and subtilties, but from common sense, and observation, not pickt from the leaves of any author, but bred amongst the weeds and tares of mine owne braine. And this is a conclusion from the equivocall and monstrous productions in the copulation of man with beast; for if the soule of man bee not transmitted and transfused in the seed of the parents, why are not those productions meerely beasts, but have also an impression and tincture of reason in as high a measure as it can evidence it selfe in those improper organs? Nor

truely

truely can I peremptorily deny, that the ſoule in this her ſublunary eſtate, is wholly and in all acceptions inorganicall, but that for the performance of her ordinary actions, is required not onely a ſymmetry and proper diſpoſition of Organs, but a Craſis and temper correſpondent to its operations; yet is not this maſſe of fleſh and viſible ſtructure the inſtrument and proper corps of the ſoule, but rather of ſenſe, and that the hand of reaſon. In our ſtudy of Anatomy there is a maſſe of myſterious Philoſophy, and ſuch as reduced the very Heathens to Divinitie; yet amongſt all thoſe rare diſcoveries, and curious pieces I finde in the fabricke of man, I doe not ſo much content my ſelfe, as in that I finde not, that is no Organe or inſtrument for the rationall ſoule; for in the braine, which wee tearme the ſeate of reaſon, there is not any thing of moment more than I can diſcover in the cranie of a beaſt: and this is a ſenſible and no inconſiderable

siderable argument of the inorganity of the soule, at least in that sense we usually so receive it. Thus we are men, and we know not how, there is something in us, that can be without us, and will be after us, though it is strange that it hath no history, what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entred in us.

Sect. 36. Now for these wals of flesh, wherein the soule doth seeme to be immured before the Resurrection, it is nothing but an elementall composition, and a fabricke that may fall to ashes; *All flesh is grasse*, is not onely metaphorically, but literally true, for all those creatures we behold, are but the hearbs of the field, digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in our selves. Nay further, we are what we all abhorre, *Antropophagi* and Cannibals, devourers not onely of men, but of our selves; and that not in an allegory, but a positive truth; for all this masse of flesh which wee behold, came

at our mouths: this frame wee looke upon, hath beene upon our trenchers; in briefe, we have devoured our selves. I cannot beleeve the wisedome of *Pythagoras* did ever positively, and in a literall sense, affirme his *Metempsychosis*, or impossible transmigration of the soules of men into beasts: of all Metamorphoses or transmigrations, I beleeve onely one, that is of *Lots* wife, for that of *Nabuchodonosor* proceeded not so farre; In all others I conceive there is no further verity then is contained in their implicite sense and morality: I beleeve that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death, as before it was materialled unto life; that the soules of men know neither contrary nor corruption, that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the priviledge of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the soules of the faithfull, as they leave earth, take possession of Heaven: that those apparitions, and ghosts

of

of departed persons are not the wandring soules of men, but the unquiet walkes of Devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischiefe, bloud, and villany, instilling, & stealing into our hearts, that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affaires of the world, but those phantasmes appeare often, and doe frequent Cemiteries, charnall houses, and Churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the Devill like an insolent Champion beholds with pride the spoyles and Trophies of his victory in *Adam*.

Sect. 37. This is that dismall conquest we all deplore, that makes us so often cry (O) *Adam, quid fecisti?* I thanke God I have not those strait ligaments, or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulst and tremble at the name of death: Not that I am insensible of the dread and horrour thereof, or by raking into the bowells of the deceased, continuall sight of Anatomies

ademies, Skeletons, or Cadaverous reliques, like Vespilloes, or Grave-makers, I am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of mortality, but that marshalling all the horrours, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I finde not any thing therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much lesse a well resolved Christian. And therefore am not angry at the errour of our first parents, or unwilling to beare a part of this common fate, and like the best of them to dye, that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kinde of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit. When I take a full view and circle of my selfe, without this reasonable moderator, and equall piece of justice, Death, I doe conceive my selfe the miserablest person extant; were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not intreat a moments breath from me; could the Devill worke my beliefe to imagine I could ever dye, I would not out-live

that

that very thought; I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the Sunne and Elements, I cannot thinke this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignitie of humanity; in expectation of a better I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my best meditations doe often defie death; I honour any man that contemnes it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it; this makes me naturally love a Souldier, and honour those tattered and contemptible Regiments that will die at the command of a Sergeant. For a Pagan there may bee some motives to bee in love with life, but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how hee can escape this Dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or hopelesse of the life to come.

Sect. 38. Some Divines count *Adam* 30. yeares old at his creation, because they suppose him created in the perfect age and stature of man; and surely wee are all

our

of the computation of our age, and every man is ſome moneths elder than he bethinkes him; for we live, move, have a being, and are ſubject to the actions of the elements, and the malice of diſeaſes in that other world, the trueſt Microcoſme, the wombe of our mother; for beſides that generall and common exiſtence wee are conceived to hold in our Chaos, and whilſt wee ſleepe within the boſome of our cauſes, wee enjoy a being and life in three diſtinct worlds, wherein we receive moſt manifeſt graduations: In that obſcure world and wombe of our mother, our time is ſhort, computed by the Moone; yet longer than the dayes of many creatures that behold the Sunne, our ſelves being not yet without life, ſenſe, and reaſon, though for the manifeſtation of its actions, it awaits the opportunity of objects; and ſeemes to live there but in its roote and ſoule of vegetation: entring afterwards upon the ſcene of the world, wee ariſe up and become another creature, performing the reaſonable

ſonable actions of man, and obſcurely manifeſting that part of Divinity in us but not in complement and perfection till we have once more caſt our ſecondine, that is, this ſlough of fleſh, and are delivered into the laſt world, that is, that ineffable place of *Paul*, that proper *ubi* of ſpirits. The ſmattering I have of the Philoſophers ſtone, (which is ſomething more then the perfect exaltation of gold) hath taught me a great deale of Divinity, and inſtructed my beliefe, how that immortall ſpirit and incorruptible ſubſtance of my ſoule may lye obſcure, and ſleepe a while within this houſe of fleſh. Thoſe ſtrange and myſticall tranſmigrations that I have obſerved in Silkewormes, turn'd my Philoſophy into Divinity. There is in theſe workes of nature, which ſeeme to puzle reaſon, ſomething Divine, and hath more in it then the eye of a common ſpectator doth diſcover.

Sect. 39. I am naturally baſhfull, nor hath converſation, age, or travell, beene able to effron

front, or enharden me, yet I have one part of modesty, which I have seldome discovered in another, that is (to speake truly) I am not so much afraid of death, as ashamed thereof; 'tis the very disgrace and ignominy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us that our nearest friends, Wife, and Children stand afraid and start at us. The Birds and Beasts of the field that before in a naturall feare obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance begin to prey upon us. This very conceite hath in a tempest dispos'd me willing to be swallowed up in the abysse of waters; wherein I had perished, unseene, unpitied, without wondring eyes, teares of pity, Lectures of mortality, and none had said, *quantum mutatus abillo*! Not that I am ashamed of the Anatomy of my parts, or can accuse nature for playing the bungler in any part of me, or my owne vitious life for contracting any shamefull disease upon me, whereby I might not call my selfe as wholesome a morsell for the wormes as any.

Some

Sect. 40. Some upon the courage of a fruitfull issue, wherein, as in the truest Chronicle, they seem to outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceit and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies seemes to mee a meere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who, in a nobler ambition, should desire to live in his substance in Heaven rather than his name and shadow in the earth. And therefore at my death I meane to take a totall adieu of the world, not caring for a Monument, History, or Epitaph, not so much as the bare memory of my name to be found any where but in the universall Regiſter of God: I am not yet so Cynicall, as to approve the * Testament of *Diogenes*, nor doe I altogether allow that *Rodomontado* of *Lucan*;

—Cælo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.
He that unburied lies wants not his Herse,
For unto him a tombe's the Universe.

* Who willed his friend not to bury him, but to hang him up with a staffe in his hand to fright away the Crowes.

But

But commend in my calmer judgement, those ingenuous intentions that desire to sleepe by the urnes of their Fathers, and strive to goe the neatest way into corruption. I doe not envie the temper of Crowes and Dawes, nor the numerous and weary dayes of our Fathers before the Flood. If there bee any truth in Astrology, I may outlive a Jubilee, as yet I have not seene one revolution of *Saturne*, nor hath my pulse beate thirty yeares, and yet excepting one, have seene the Ashes, and left underground, all the Kings of *Europe*, have beene contemporary to three Emperours, foure Grand Signiours, and as many Popes; mee thinkes I have outlived my selfe, and begin to bee weary of the Sunne, I have shaked hands with delight in my warme blood and Canicular dayes, I perceive I doe Anticipate the vices of age, the world to mee is but a dreame, or mockshow, and wee all therein but Pantalones and Antickes to my severer contemplations.

Sect. 41. It is not, I confesse, an unlawfull Prayer to desire to surpasse the dayes of our Saviour, or wish to out-live that age wherein he thought fittest to dye, yet if (as Divinity affirmes) there shall be no gray hayres in Heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we doe but out-live those perfections in this world, to be recalled unto them, by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to be retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to out-live vice, or a point to be super-annuated from sin, it were worthy our knees to implore the dayes of *Methuselah*. But age doth not rectifie, but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worser habits, and (like diseases) brings on incurable vices; for every day as we grow weaker in age, we grow stronger in sinne, and the number of our dayes doth but make our sinnes innumerable. The same vice committed at sixteene, is not the same, though it agree in all other circumstances, at forty, but swels and

doubles

doubles from the circumstance of our ages, wherein besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgressing, the maturity of our Judgement cuts off pretence unto excuse or pardon: every sin, the oftner it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evill; as it succeeds in time, so it precedes in degrees of badnesse, for as they proceed they ever multiply, and like figures in Arithmeticke, the last stands for more than all that went before it: And though I thinke no man can live well once but hee that could live twice, yet for my owne part, I would not live over my houres past, or beginne againe the thred of my dayes: not upon *Cicero's* ground, because I have lived them well, but for feare I should live them worse: I find my growing Judgement dayly instruct me how to be better, but my untamed affections and confirmed vitiosity makes mee dayly doe worse; I finde in my confirmed age the same sinnes I discovered in my youth, I committed many then because I was a child, and because

I commit them ſtill I am yet an Infant. Therefore I perceive a man may bee twice a child before the dayes of dotage, and ſtand in need of *Æſons* bath before threeſcore.

And truely there goes a great deale of
Sect. 42. providence to produce a mans life unto threeſcore; there is more required than an able temper for thoſe yeeres, though the radicall humour containe in it ſufficient oyle for ſeventie, yet I perceive in ſome it gives no light paſt thirtie; men aſſigne not all the cauſes of long life that write whole bookes thereof. They that found themſelves on the radicall balſome or vitall ſulphur of the parts, determine not why *Abel* liv'd not ſo long as *Adam*. There is therefore a ſecret glome or bottome of our dayes; 'twas his wiſedome to determine them, but his perpetuall and waking providence that fulfils and accompliſheth them, wherein the ſpirits, our ſelves, and all the creatures of God in a ſecret and diſputed way doe execute his will. Let them not therefore complaine of

imma-

immaturitie that die about thirty, they fall but like the whole world, whose solid and well composed substance must not expect the duration and period of its constitution, when all things are compleated in it, its age is accomplished, and the last and generall fever may as naturally destroy it before six thousand, as me before forty, there is therfore some other hand that twines the thread of life than that of nature; wee are not onely ignorant in Antipathies and occult qualities, our ends are as obscure as our beginnings, the line of our dayes is drawne by night, and the various effects therein by a pencill that is invisible; wherein though wee confesse our ignorance, I am sure we doe not erre, if wee say, it is the hand of God.

I am much taken with two verses of *Lucan*, since I have beene able not onely, as we doe at Schoole, to construe, but understand: *Sect.* 43

Fallunt quos Dei celant ut vivere durent,
Felix esse mori.

We're all deluded, vainely searching wayes,
To make us happy by the length of dayes;
For cunningly to make's protract this breath,
The Gods conceale the happines of Death.

There be many excellent straines in that Poet, wherewith his Stoicall Genius hath liberally supplyed him; and truely there are singular pieces in the Philosophy of *Zeno*, and doctrine of the Stoickes, which I perceive, delivered in a Pulpit, passe or currant Divinity: yet herein are they in extreames, that can allow a man to be his owne *Assassine*, and so highly extoll the end and suicide of *Cato*; this is indeed not to feare death, but yet to bee afraid of life. It is a brave act of of valour to contemne death, but where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live, and herein Religion hath taught us a noble example: For all the valiant acts of *Curtius*, *Scævola* or *Codrus*, do not parallel or match that one of *Job*; and sure there is no torrure to the racke of a disease, nor any Poynyards in death it selfe like those in the way or prologue unto it. *Emori nolo, sed*

non esse mortuum nihil curo, I would not die, but care not to be dead. Were I of *Cæsars* Religion I should be of his desires, and wish rather to goe off at one blow, then to be sawed in peeces by the dying torture of a disease. Men that looke no further than their outsides, think health an appertinance unto life, and quarrell with their constitutions for being sick, but I that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that Fabrick hangs, doe wonder that we are not alwayes so, and considering the thousand doores that lead to death doe thanke my God that we can die but once. 'Tis not onely the mischiefe of diseases, and the villanies of poysons that make an end of us, we vainly accuse the fury of Gunnes, and the new inventions of death, 'tis in the power of every hand to destroy us, and we are beholding unto every one we meete hee doth not kill us. There is therefore but one comfort left, that though it be in the power of the weakest arme to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death: God would

would not exempt himselfe from that, the misery of immortality in the flesh, he undertooke not that was in it immortall. Certainly there is no happinesse within this circle of flesh, nor is it in the Opticks of these eyes to behold felicity; the first day of our Jubilee is death, the devill hath therefore fail'd of his desires, wee are happier with death than we should have beene without it: there is no misery but in himselfe where there is no end of misery, and so indeed in his own sense, the Stoick is in the right. Hee forgets that hee can die, who complaines of misery, wee are in the power of no calamitie while death is in our owne.

Sect. 44. Now besides this literall and positive kinde of death, there are others whereof Divines make mention, and those I thinke, not meerely Metaphoricall as Mortification, dying unto sin and the world, therefore, I say, every man hath a double Horoscope, one of his humanity, his birth, another of his Chri-

Christianity, his baptisme, and from this doe I compute or calculate my Nativity, not reckoning those *Horæ combustæ*, and odde dayes, or esteeming my selfe any thing, before I was my Saviours, and inrolled in the Register of Christ: Whosoever enjoyes not this life, I count him but an apparition, though he weare about him the sensible affections of flesh. In these morall acceptions, the way to be immortall is to die daily, nor can I thinke I have the true Theory of death, when I contemplate a skull, or behold a Skeleton with those vulgar imaginations it casts upon us; I have therefore enlarged that common *Memento mori*, into a more Christian memorandum, *Memento quatuor novissima*, those foure inevitable points of us all, Death, Judgement, Heaven, and Hell. Neither did the contemplations of the Heathens rest in their graves, without a further thought of *Rodamanth* or some judiciall proceeding after death, though in another way, and upon suggestion of their naturall

ra all reasons. I cannot but marvaile from what *Sibyll* or Oracle they stole the prophesy of the worlds destruction by fire, or whence *Lucan* learned to say,

Communis mundo superest rogus, ossibus astra
Misturus. ——

There yet remaines to th' world one common fire,
Wherein our bones with stars shall make one pyre.

I beleeve the world growes neare its end, yet is neither old nor decayed, nor will ever perish upon the ruines of its owne principles. As the worke of Creation was above nature, so is its adversary, annihilation; without which the world hath not its end, but its mutation. Now what force should bee able to consume it thus farre, without the breath of God, which is the truest consuming flame, my Philosophy cannot informe me. Some beleeve there went not a minute to the worlds creation, nor shall there go to its destruction; those six dayes so punctually described, make not to them one moment, but rather seem to

manifest

manifest the method and Idea of the great worke of the intellect of God, than the manner how hee proceeded in his operation. I cannot dreame that there should be at the last day any such Judiciall proceeding, or calling to the Barre, as indeed the Scripture seemes to imply, and the literall commentators doe conceive: for unspeakable mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative way, and being written unto man, are delivered, not as they truely are, but as they may bee understood; wherein notwithstanding the different interpretations according to different capacities may stand firme with our devotion, nor bee any way prejudiciall to each single edification.

Now to determine the day and yeare *Sect.* 49
of this inevitable time, is not onely convincible and stature madnesse, but also manifest impiety; How shall we interpret *Elias* 6000. yeares, or imagine the secret communicated to a Rabbi, which

God

God hath denyed unto his Angels. It had beene an excellent quære, to have posest the devill of *Delphos*, and must needs have forced him to some strange amphibology; it hath not onely mocked the predictions of sundry Astrologers in ages past, but the prophecies of many melancholy heads in these present, who neither understanding reasonably things past or present, pretend the knowledge of things to come, heads ordained onely to manifest the incredible effects of melancholy, and to fulfill old prophesies, rather than be the authors of new. In those dayes there shall bee warres and rumours of warres, to me seemes no prophesie, but a constant truth in all times verified since it was pronounced: There shall bee signes in the Moone and Starres, how comes he then like a thief in the night, when he gives us item of his comming? That common signe drawne from the revelation of Antichrist is as obscure as any in our common compute he hath been coming these many yeares, but for my owne

In those dayes there shall come lyers and false prophets.

part to speake freely, I am halfe of opinion that Antichrist is the Philosophers stone in Divinity, for the discovery and invention whereof, though there be prescribed rules, and probable conjectures, yet hath hardly any man attained the perfect discovery thereof. That generall opinion that the world growes neere its end, hath possessed all men past as neerely as ours; I am afraid that the Soules that now depart, cannot escape that lingring expostulation of the Saints under the Altar, *Quousque Domine? How long, O Lord?* and groane in the expectation of the great Jubilee.

This is the day that must make good Sect. 46.
that great attribute of God, his Justice, that must reconcile those unanswerable doubts that torment the wisest understandings, and reduce those seeming inequalities, and respective distributions of this world, to an equality and recompensive Justice in the next. This is that one day, that shall include and comprehend all that went before it, wherein

wherein as in the last scene, all t
Actors must enter to compleate a
make up the Catastrophe of this gre
peece. This is the day whose mem
ry hath onely power to make us hone
in the darke, and to bee vertuous with
out a witnesse. *Ipsa sui pretium virt*
sibi, that vertue is her owne reward,
but a cold principle, and not able t
maintaine our variable resolutions in
constant and setled way of goodnesse
I have practised that honest artifice o
Seneca, and in my retired and solitar
imaginations, to detaine me from th
foulenesse of vice, have fancyed to my
selfe the presence of my deare and wor
thiest friends, before whom I should lose
my head, rather than be vitious, yet here
in I found that there was nought but mo
rall honesty, and this was not to be ver
tuous for his sake who must reward us
at the last. I have tryed if I could reach
that great resolution of his, to be honest
without a thought of Heaven or Hell
and indeed I found upon a naturall in
clination, an inbred loyalty unto vertue
that

that I could serve her without a livery, yet not in that resolved and venerable way, but that the frailty of my nature, upon an easie temptation, might be inclined to forget her. The life therefore and spirit of all our actions, is the resurrection, and stable apprehension, that our ashes shall enjoy the fruit of our pious endeavours; without this, all Religion is a Fallacy, and those impieties of *Lucian*, *Euripedes*, and *Julian* are no blasphemies, but subtile verities, and Atheists have beene the onely Philosophers.

How shall the dead arise, is no question of my faith; to beleeve onely possibilities, is not faith, but meere Philosophy; many things are true in Divinity, which are neither inducible by reason, nor confirmable by sense, and many things in Philosophy confirmable by sense, yet not inducible by reason. Thus it is impossible by any solid or demonstrative reasons to perswade a man to beleeve the conversion of the Needle to *Sect.* 46.

the

the North; though this be possible, as true, and easily credible, upon a single experiment unto the sense. I believe that our estranged and divided ashes shall unite againe, that our separated dust after so many pilgrimages and transformations into the parts of mineralls, Plants, Animals, Elements, shall at the voyce of God returne into their primitive shapes; and joyne againe to make up their primary and predestinate formes. As at the Creation, there was a separation of that confused masse into its species, so at the destruction thereof there shall bee a separation into its distinct individuals. As at the Creation of the world, all the distinct species that wee behold, lay involved in one masse, till the fruitfull voyce of God separated this united multitude into its severall species: so at the last day, when these corrupted reliques shall be scattered in the wildernesse of formes, and seeme to have forgot their proper habits, God by a powerfull voyce shall command them backe into their proper shapes,

shapes, and call them out by their single individuals: Then shall appeare the fertilitie of *Adam*, and the magicke of that sperme that hath dilated into so many millions. I have often beheld as a miracle, that artificiall resurrection and revivification of *Mercury*, how being mortified into thousand shapes, it assumes againe its owne, and returns into its numericall selfe. Let us speake naturally, and like Philosophers, the formes of alterable bodies in these sensible corruptions perish not; nor, as wee imagine, wholly quit their mansions, but retire and contract themselves into their secret and unaccessible parts, where they may best protect themselves from the action of their Antagonist. A plant or vegetable consumed to ashes, to a contemplative and schoole Philosopher seemes utterly destroyed, and the forme to have taken his leave for ever: But to a sensible Artist the formes are not perished, but withdrawne into their incombustible part, where they lie secure from the action of that devouring element. This is made good by experience, which can

from the ashes of a plant revive the plant, and from its cinders recall it into its stalk and leaves againe. What the Art of man can doe in these inferiour pieces, what blasphemy is it to affirme the finger of God cannot doe in these more perfect and sensible structures? This is that mysticall Philosophy, from whence no true Scholler becomes an Atheist, but from the visible effects of nature, growes up a reall Divine, and beholds not in a dreame, as *Ezekiel*, but in an ocular and visible object the types of his resurrection.

Sect. 47. Now, the necessary Mansions of our restored selves are those two contrary and incompatible places wee call Heaven and Hell; to define them, or strictly to determine what and where these are, surpasseth my Divinity. That elegant Apostle which seemed to have a glimpse of Heaven, hath left but a negative description thereof; Which neither eye hath seen, nor eare hath heard, nor can enter into the heart of man: he was translated out

of himself to behold it, but being returned into himselfe could not expresse it. Saints *Johns* description by Emeralds, Chrysolites, and pretious stones, is too weake to expresse the materiall Heaven we behold. Briefely therefore, where the soule hath the full measure, and complement of happinesse, where the boundlesse appetite of that spirit remaines compleatly satisfied, that it can neither desire addition nor alteration, that I thinke is truely Heaven: and this can onely be in the enjoyment of that essence, whose infinite goodnesse is able to terminate the desires of it selfe, and the unsatiable wishes of ours; wherever God will thus manifest himselfe, there is Heaven, though within the circle of this sensible world. Thus the soule of man may bee in Heaven any where, even within the limits of his owne proper body, and when it ceaseth to live in the body, it may remaine in its owne soule, that is its Creator. And thus wee may say that Saint *Paul*, whether in the body, or out of the body,

was yet in Heaven. To place it in the Empyreall, or beyond the tenth Spheare, is to forget the worlds destruction; for when this sensible world shall bee destroyed, all shall then be here as it is now there, an Empyreall Heaven, a *quasi* vacuitie, when to aske where Heaven is, is to demand where the presence of God is, or where wee have the glory of that happy vision. *Moses* that was bred up in all the learning of the *Egyptians*, committed a grosse absurdity in Philosophy, when with these eyes of flesh he desired to see God, and petitioned his Maker, that is truth it selfe, to a contradiction. Those that imagine Heaven and Hell neighbours, and conceive a vicinity between those two extreames, upon consequence of the Parable, where *Dives* discoursed with *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* bosome, do too grossely conceive of those glorified creatures, whose eyes shall easily out-see the Sunne, and behold without a Perspective, the extremest distances: for if there shall be in our glorified eyes, the faculty of sight & receptiō of objects

I could thinke the visible species there to be as unlimitable a way as now the intellectuall. I grant that two bodies placed beyond the tenth Spheare, or in a vacuity, according to *Aristotles* Philosophy, could not behold each other, because there wants a body or Medium to hand and transport the visible rayes of the object unto the sense; but when there shall be a generall defect of either Medium to convey, or light to prepare & dispose that Medium, and yet a perfect vision, wee must suspend the rules of our Philosophy, and make all good by a more absolute piece of Opticks.

I cannot tell how to say that fire is the essence of hell, I know not what to make of Purgatory, or conceive a flame that can either prey upon, nor purifie the substance of a soule; those flames of sulphure mentioned in the Scriptures, I take not to be understood of this present Hell, but of that to come, where fire shall make up the complement of our tortures, & have a body or subject wherein to manifest Sect. 48.

its tyranny: Some who have had the honour to be textuarie in Divinity, are of opinion it shall be the same specificall fire with ours. This is hard to conceive, yet can I make good how even that may prey upon our bodies, and yet not consume us: for in this materiall world, there are bodies that persist invincible in the powerfullest flames, and though by the action of fire they fall into ignition and liquation, yet will they never suffer a destruction: I would gladly know how *Moses* with an actuall fire calcin'd, or burnt the golden Calfe into powder: for that mysticall mettle of gold, whose solary and celestiall nature I admire, exposed unto the violence of fire, grows onely hot and liquifies, but consumeth not: so when the consumable and volatile pieces of our bodies shall be refined into a more impregnable and fixed temper like gold, though they suffer from the action of flames, they shall never perish, but lie immortall in the armes of fire. And surely if this frame must suffer onely by the action of this element,

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there will many bodies escape, and not only Heaven, but earth will not bee at an end, but rather a beginning; For at present it is not earth, but a composition of fire, water, earth, and aire; but at that time spoyled of these ingredients, it shall appeare in a substance more like it selfe, its ashes. Philosophers that opinioned the worlds destruction by fire, did never dreame of annihilation, which is beyond the power of sublunary causes; for the last and proper action of that element is but vitrification or a reduction of a body into Glasse; & therefore some of our Chymicks facetiously affirm, that at the last fire all shall be crystallized & reverberated into glasse, which is the utmost action of that element. Nor need we fear this term [annihilation] or wonder that God will destroy the workes of his Creation: for man subsisting, who is, and will then truely appeare a Microcosme, the world cannot bee said to be destroyed. For the eyes of God, and perhaps also of our glorified selves, shall as really behold and contemplate

the world in its Epitome or contracted essence, as now it doth at large and in its dilated substance. In the seed of a Plant to the eyes of God, and to the understanding of man, there exists, though in an invisible way, the perfect leaves, flowers, and fruit thereof: (for things that are in *posse* to the sense, are actually existent to the understanding.) Thus God beholds all things, who contemplates as fully his workes in their Epitome, as in their full volume, and beheld as amply the whole world in that little compendium of the sixth day, as in the scattered and dilated pieces of those five before.

Sect. 49. Men commonly set forth the torments of Hell by fire, and the extremity of corporall afflictions, and describe Hell in the same method that *Mahomet* doth Heaven. This indeed makes a noyse, and drums in popular eares: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with Heaven, whose happinesse consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortall essence, that translated divinity and

colony

colony of God, the ſoule. Surely though wee place Hell under earth, the Devils walke and purlue is about it; men ſpeake too popularly who place it in thoſe flaming mountaines, which to groſſer apprehenſions repreſent Hell. The heart of man is the place the devill dwels in; I feele ſometimes a hell within my ſelfe, *Lucifer* keeps his court in my breſt, *Legion* is revived in me. There are as many hels as *Anaxagoras* conceited worlds; there was more than one hell in *Magdalen*, when there were ſeven devils; for every devill is an hell unto himſelfe: hee holds enough of torture in his owne *ubi*, and needs not the miſery of circumference to afflict him, and thus a diſtracted conſcience here is a ſhadow or introduction unto hell hereafter; Who can but pity the mercifull intention of thoſe hands that doe deſtroy themſelves? the devill were it in his power would doe the like, which being impoſſible his miſeries are endleſſe, and he ſuffers moſt in that attribute wherein he is impaſſible, his immortality.

Sect. 50. I thanke God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of Hell, nor never grew pale at the deſcription of that place; I have ſo fixed my contemplations on Heaven, that I have almoſt forgot the Idea of Hell, and am afraid rather to loſe the joyes of the one than endure the miſery of the other; to be deprived of them is a perfect hell, & needs me thinkes no addition to compleate our afflictions; that terrible terme hath never detained me from ſin, nor do I owe any good action to the name thereof: I feare God, yet am not afraid of him, his mercies make me aſhamed of my ſins, before his judgements afraid thereof: theſe are the forced and ſecondary method of his wiſedome, which he uſeth but as the laſt remedy, and upon provocation, a courſe rather to deterre the wicked, than incite the vertuous to his worſhip. I can hardly thinke there was ever any ſcared into Heaven, they goe the faireſt way to Heaven, that would ſerve God without a Hell, other Mercenaries that crouch unto

into him in feare of Hell, though they terme themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty.

And to be true, and speake my soule, *Sect.* 51.
when I survey the occurrences of my life, and call into account the finger of God, I can perceive nothing but an abysse and masse of mercies, either in generall to mankind, or in particular to my selfe; and whether out of the prejudice of my affection, or an inverting and partiall conceit of his mercies, I know not, but those which others terme crosses, afflictions, judgements, misfortunes, to me who enquire farther into them than their visible effects, they both appeare, and in event have ever proved the secret and dissembled favours of his affection. It is a singular piece of wisedome to apprehend truly, and without passion the workes of God, and so well to distinguish his justice from his mercy, as not miscall those noble attributes; yet it is likewise an honest piece of Logick so to dispute and argue the proceedings of God, as to distinguish

ſtinguiſh even his judgements into mercies. For God is mercifull unto all, becauſe better to the worſt, than the beſt deſerve, and to ſay he puniſheth none in this world, though it be a Paradox, is no abſurdity. To one that hath committed murther, if the Judge ſhould ſay, onely ordaine a Fine, it were a madneſſe to call this a puniſhment, and to repine at the ſentence, rather than admire the clemency of the Judge. Thus our offences being mortall, and deſerving not onely death, but damnation, if the goodneſſe of God be content to traverſe and paſſe them over with a loſſe, misfortune, or diſeaſe; what frenſie were it to terme this a puniſhment, rather than an extremity of mercy, and to groane under the rod of his judgements, rather than admire the Scepter of his mercies? Therefore to adore, honour, and admire him, is a debt of gratitude due from the obligation of our nature, ſtates, and conditions; and with theſe thoughts, he that knowes them beſt, will not deny that I adore him;

him; that I obtaine Heaven, and the bliſſe thereof, is accidentall, and not the intended worke of my devotion, it being a felicitie I can neither thinke to deſerve, nor ſcarſe in modeſty to expect. For theſe two ends of us all, either as rewards or puniſhments, are mercifully ordained and diſpropoſitionally diſpoſed unto our actions, the one being ſo far beyond our deſerts, the other ſo infinitely below our demerits.

There is no ſalvation to thoſe that beleeve not in Chriſt, that is, ſay ſome, ſince his Nativity, and as Divinity affirmeth, before alſo; which makes me much apprehend the end of thoſe honeſt Worthies and Philoſophers which died before his Incarnation. It is hard to place thoſe ſoules in Hell whoſe worthy lives doe teach us vertue on earth; methinks amongſt thoſe many ſubdiviſions of hell, there might have bin one Limbo left for theſe: What a ſtrange viſion will it be to ſee their poeticall fictions converted into verities, & their imagined & fancied Furies, into reall Devils? how ſtrange to them will ſound the Hiſto- *Sect.* 52.

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ry of *Adam*, when they ſhall ſuffer fo
him they never heard of? when the
derive their Genealogy from the God
ſhall know they are the unhappy iſſu
of ſinfull man? It is an inſolent part o
reaſon to controvert the works of God
or queſtion the juſtice of his proce
dings; Could humility teach others, a
it hath inſtructed me, to contemplat
the infinite and incomprehenſible di
ſtance betwixt the Creator and th
creature, or did wee ſeriouſly perpen
that one Simile of Saint *Paul*, *Shall th
veſſell ſay to the Potter, Why haſt thou mad
me thus?* it would prevent theſe arro
gant diſputes of reaſon, nor would wee
argue the definitive ſentence of God
either to Heaven or Hell. Men that live
according to the right rule and law o
reaſon, live but in their owne kinde, a
beaſts doe in theirs; who juſtly obey
the preſcript of their natures, and there
fore cannot reaſonably demand a re
ward of their actions, as onely obeying
the naturall dictates of their reaſon. I
will therefore, and muſt at laſt appeare

that all salvation is through Christ; which verity I feare these great examples of vertue must confirme, and make good, how the perfectest actions of earth have no title or claime unto Heaven.

Nor truely doe I thinke the lives of these or of any other were ever correspondent, or in all points conformable unto their doctrines; it is evident that *Aristotle* transgressed the rule of his owne Ethicks; the Stoicks that condemne passion, and command a man to laugh in *Phalaris* his Bull, could not endure without a groane a fit of the stone or collick. The *Scepticks* that affirmed they know nothing, even in that opinion confute themselves, and thought they knew more than all the world beside. *Diogenes* I hold to bee the most vaineglorious man of his time, and more ambitious in refusing all honours, than *Alexander* in rejecting none. Vice and the Devill put a fallacie upon our reasons, and provoking us too hastily

Sect. 53.

to

reasons and provoking us too hastily to run from it, entangle and profound us deeper in it. The Duke of *Venice*, that weds himselfe unto the Sea, by a ring of Gold, I will not argue of prodigality, because it is a solemnity of good use and consequence in the State. But the Philosopher that threw his money into the Sea to avoyd avarice, was a notorious prodigal. There is no road or ready way to vertue, it is not an easie point of art to disentangle our selves from this riddle, or web of sin: To perfect vertue, as to Religion, there is required a Panoplia or compleat armour, that whilst we lye at close ward against one vice we lye open to the vennie of another: And indeed wiser discretions that have the thred of reason to conduct them, offend without a pardon; whereas under heads may stumble without dishonour. There goe so many circumstances to piece up one good action, that it is a lesson to be good, and wee are forced to be vertuous by the booke. Againe, the practice of men holds not

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an equall pace, yea, and often runnes counter to their Theory; we naturally know what is good, but naturally pursue what is evill: the Rhetoricke wherewith I perswade another cannot perswade my selfe: there is a depraved appetite in us, that will with patience heare the learned instructions of Reason, but yet performe no farther than agrees to its owne irregular Humour. In briefe, we all are monsters, that is, a composition of man and beast, wherein we must endeavour to be as the Poets fancy that wise man *Chiron*, that is, to have the Region of Man above that of Beast, and sense to sit but at the feete of reason. Lastly, I doe desire with God, that all, but yet affirme with men, that few shall know salvation, that the bridge is narrow, the passage straite unto life; yet those who doe confine the Church of God, either to particular Nations, Churches, or Families, have made it farre narrower than our Saviour ever meant it.

Sect. 54. The vulgarity of those judgements that wrap the Church of God in *Strabo's* cloake and restraine it unto Europe, seeme to mee as bad Geographers as *Alexander*, who thought hee had conquer'd all the world when hee not subdued the halfe of any part thereof: For wee cannot deny the Church of God both in Asia and Africa, if we doe not forget the peregrinations of the Apostles, the death of their Martyrs, the sessions of many, and even in our reformed judgement lawfull councells held in those parts in the minoritie and nonage of ours: nor must a few differences more remarkable in the eyes of man than perhaps in the judgement of God, excommunicate from heaven one another, much lesse those Christians who are in a manner all Martyrs, maintaining their faith in the noble way of persecution, and serving God in the fire, whereas we honour him but in the Sunshine. 'Tis true we all hold there is a number of Elect and many to be saved, yet take

our

our opinions together, and from the confusion thereof there will be no such thing as salvation, nor shall any one be saved; for first the Church of *Rome* condemneth us, wee likewise them, the Sub-reformists and Sectaries sentence the Doctrine of our Church as damnable, the Atomist, or Familist reprobates all these, and all these them againe. Thus whilst the mercies of God doth promise us heaven, our conceits and opinions exclude us from that place. There must be therefore more than one Saint *Peter*, particular Churches and Sects usurpe the gates of heaven, and turne the key against each other, and thus we goe to heaven against each others wills, conceits and opinions, and with as much uncharity as ignorance, doe erre I feare in points, not onely of our own, but on anothers salvation.

I beleeve many are saved who to man seeme reprobated, and many are reprobated, who in the opinion and sentence of man, stand elected; there will *Sect.* 55.

appeare at the last day, strange, and unexpected examples, both of his justice and his mercy, and therefore to define either is folly in man, and insolency, even in the devils; those acute and subtill spirits, in all their sagacity, can hardly divine who shall be saved, which if they could prognosticke, their labour were at an end, nor need they compasse the earth, seeking whom they may devoure. Those who upon a rigid application of the Law, sentence *Solomon* unto damnation, condemne not onely him, but themselves, and the whole world; for by the letter, and written Word of God, we are without exception in the state of death, but there is a prerogative of God, and an arbitrary pleasure above the letter of his owne Law, by which alone wee can pretend unto salvation, and through which *Solomon* might be as easily saved as those who condemne him.

Sect. 56. The number of those who pretend unto salvation, and those infinite swarmes who

who thinke to passe through the eye of this Needle, have much amazed me. That name and compellation of *little Flocke*, doth not comfort but deject my devotion, especially when I reflect upon mine owne unworthinesse, wherein, according to my humble apprehensions, I am below them all. I beleeve there shall never be an Anarchy in Heaven, but as there are Hierarchies amongst the Angels, so shall there be degrees of priority amongst the Saints. Yet is it (I protest) beyond my ambition, to aspire unto the first rankes, my desires onely are, and I shall be happy therein, to be but the last man, and bring up the Rere in Heaven.

Sect. 57

Againe, I am confident, and fully perswaded, yet dare not take my oath of my salvation, I am as it were sure, and do beleeve, without all doubt, that there is such a City as *Constantinople*, yet for me to take my oath thereon, were a kinde of perjury, because I hold no infallible warrant from my owne sense to confirme

firme me in the certainty thereof. And truely, though many pretend an absolute certainty of their ſalvation, yet when an humble ſoule ſhall contemplate her owne unworthineſſe, ſhe ſhall meete with many doubts and ſuddainely finde how little wee ſtand in need of the precept of Saint *Paul, Worke out your ſalvation with feare and trembling*. That which is the cauſe of my election, I hold to be the cauſe of my ſalvation, which was the mercy, and beneplacit of God, before I was, or the foundation of the world. *Before Abraham was, I am*, is the ſaying of Chriſt, yet is it true in ſome ſenſe if I ſay it of my ſelfe, for I was not onely before my ſelfe, but *Adam*, that is, in the Idea of God, and the decree of that Synod held from all Eternity. And in this ſenſe, I ſay, the world was before the Creation, and at an end before it had a beginning, and thus was I dead before I was alive, though my grave be *England*, my dying place was Paradiſe, and *Eve* miſcarried of mee before ſhe conceiv'd of *Cain*.

Insolent zeales that doe decry good workes and rely onely upon faith, take not away merit: for depending upon the efficacy of their faith, they enforce the condition of God, and in a more sophisticall way doe seeme to challenge Heaven. It was decreed by God, that onely those that lapt in the water like dogges, should have the honour to destroy the *Midianites*, yet could none of those justly challenge, or imagine hee deserved that honour thereupon. I doe not deny, but that true faith, and such as God requires, is not onely a marke or token, but also a meanes of our Salvation, but where to finde this, is as obscure to me, as my last end. And if our Saviour could object unto his owne Disciples, & favourites, a faith, that to the quantity of a graine of Mustard seed, is able to remove mountaines; surely that which wee boast of, is not any thing, or at the most, but a remove from nothing. This is the Tenor of my beleefe, wherein, though there be many *Sect.* 58

things singular, and to the humour of my irregular selfe, yet, if they square not with maturer Judgements, I disclaime them, and doe no further father them, than the learned and best Judgements shall authorize them.

The second part.

Sect. 1. NOW for that other Vertue of Charity, without which Faith is a meer notion, and of no existence, I have ever endeavoured to nourish the mercifull disposition, and humane inclination I borrowed from my Parents, and regulate it to the written and prescribed Lawes of Charity; and if I hold the true Anatomy of my selfe, I am delineated & naturally framed to such a piece of vertue: for I am of a constitution so generall, that it consorts, and sympathizeth with all things; I have no antipathy,

pathy, or rather Idio-ſyncraſie, in dyet, humour, ayre, any thing; I wonder not at the *French*, for their diſhes of frogges, ſnailes, and toadſtooles, nor at the Jewes for Locuſts and Graſſe-hoppers, but being amongſt them, make them my common viands; and I finde they agree with my ſtomach as well as theirs; I could digeſt a Sallad gathered in a Church-yard, as well as in a Garden: I cannot ſtart at the preſence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salamander; at the ſight of a Toad, or Viper, I finde in me no deſire to take up a ſtone to deſtroy them. I feele not in my ſelfe thoſe common antipathies that I can diſcover in others: Thoſe nationall repugnances doe not touch me, nor doe I behold with prejudice the *French*, *Italian*, *Spaniard*, or *Dutch*; but where I finde their actions in ballance with my Countreymens, I honour, love, and embrace them in ſome degree; I was borne in the eighth Climate, but ſeeme for to bee framed, and conſtellated unto all; I am no Plant that will not proſper out of a Gar-

Garden. All places, all ayres make unto me one Country; I am in *England*, every where, and under any meridian. I have beene ſhipwrackt, yet am not enemy with the ſea or winds; I can ſtudy, play, or ſleepe in a tempeſt. In briefe, I am averſe from nothing, my conſcience would give mee the lie if I ſhould ſay I abſolutely deteſt or hate any eſſence but the Devill, or ſo at leaſt abhorre any thing but that wee might come to compoſition. If there be any among thoſe common objects of hatred I doe contemne and laugh at, it is that great enemy of reaſon, vertue and religion, the multitude, that numerous piece of monſtroſity, which taken aſunder ſeeme men, and the reaſonable creatures of God; but confuſed together, make but one great beaſt, & a monſtroſity more prodigious than Hydra; it is no breach of Charity to call theſe fooles, it is the ſtile all holy Writers have afforded them, ſet downe by *Solomon* in canonicall Scripture, and a point of our faith to beleeve ſo. Neither

in

the name of multitude doe I onely include the baſe and minor ſort of people; there is a rabble even amongſt the Gentry, a ſort of Plebeian heads, whoſe fancy moves with the ſame wheele as theſe; men in the ſame Level with Mechanickes, though their fortunes doe ſomewhat guild their infirmities, and their purſes compound for their follies. But as in caſting account, three or foure men together come ſhort in account of one man placed by himſelf below them: So neither are a troope of theſe ignorant Doradoes, of that true eſteeme and value, as many a forlorne perſon, whoſe condition doth place them below their feet. Let us ſpeake like Politicians, there is a Nobility without Heraldry, a naturall dignity, whereby one man is ranked with another, another Filed before him, according to the quality of his deſert, and preheminence of his good parts. Though the corruption of theſe times, and the byas of preſent practiſe wheele another way, thus it was in the firſt and primi-

primitive Common-wealths, and is y
in the integrity and Cradle of well-o
dered polities, till corruption getter
ground, ruder desires labouring aft
that wo wiser considerations contem
every one having a liberty to amasse &
heape up riches, and they a license or fa
culty to doe or purchase any thing.

Sect. 2. This generall and indifferent tempe
of mine, doth more neerely dispose me
to this noble vertue. It is a happinesse to
be borne and framed unto vertue, and to
grow up from the seeds of nature, ra-
ther than the inoculation and forced
graffes of education: yet if we are dire-
cted only by our particular Natures, and
regulate our inclinations by no higher
rule than that of our reasons, we are but
Moralists; Divinity will still call us Hea-
thens. Therefore this great worke of cha-
rity, must have other motives, ends, and
impulsions. I give no almes to satisfie the
hunger of my Brother, but to fulfill and
accomplish the Will, and Command of
my God; I draw not my purse for his
sake that demands it, but his that enjoy-

ned

ed it, I relieve no man upon the Rheto-
ick of his miseries, nor to content mine
own commiserating disposition, for this
is still but morall charity, and an act that
sweth more to passion than reason. Hee
that relieves another upon the bare sug-
gestion and bowels of pity, doth not this
so much for his sake as for his own: for
by compassion we make anothers misery
our own, & so by relieving them, we re-
lieve our selves also. It is as erroneous a
conceite to redresse other mens misfor-
tunes upon the common considerations
of mercifull natures, that it may bee one
day our own case, for this is a sinister and
politick kind of charity, wherby we seem
to bespeak the pities of men, in the like
occasions; and truly I have observed that
those professed Eleemosynaries, though
in a croud or multitude, doe yet direct
and place their petitions on a few and
selected persons; there is surely a Phy-
siognomy, which those experienced
and Master Mendicants observe, where-
by they instantly discover a mercifull
aspect, and will single out a face,
wherein

wherein they ſpy the ſignatures and markes of mercy: for there are myſtically in our faces certaine characters which carry in them the motto of our Soules, wherein he that can read *A.B.C.* may read our natures. I hold moreover that there is a Phytognomy, or Phyſiognomy, not onely of men, but of Plants, and Vegetables; and in every one of them, ſome outward figures which hang as ſignes or buſhes of their inward formes. The finger of God hath left an inſcription upon all his workes, not graphicall or compoſed of Letters, but of their ſeverall formes, conſtitutions, parts, and operations, which aptly joyned together doe make one word that doth expreſſe their natures. By theſe Letters God cals the Starres by their names, and by this Alphabet *Adam* aſſigned to every creature a name peculiar to its Nature. Now there are beſides theſe Characters in our faces, certaine myſticall figures in our hands, which I dare not call meere dashes, ſtrokes, *a la volée*, or at randome,

because

because delineated by a pencill, that never workes in vaine; and hereof I take more particular notice, because I carry that in mine owne hand, which I could never read of, nor discover in another. *Aristotle*, I confesse, in his acute, and singular booke of Physiognomy, hath made no mention of Chiromancy, yet I beleeve the *Egyptians*, who were neerer addicted to those abstruse and mysticall sciences, had a knowledge therein, to which those vagabond and counterfeit *Egyptians* did after pretend, and perhaps retained a few corrupted principles, which sometimes might verifie their prognostickes.

It is the common wonder of all men, how among so many millions of faces, there should be none alike; Now contrary, I wonder as much how there should be any; he that shall consider how many thousand severall words have beene carelessly and without study composed out of 24. Letters; withall how many hundred lines there are to be drawn in the fabrick of one man;

shall

ſhall eaſily finde that this variety is ne
ceſſary: And it will bee very hard tha
they ſhall ſo concur as to make on
portract like another. Let a Painte
careleſly limbe out a Million of faces
and you ſhall finde them all different
yea let him have his copy before him
yet after all his art there will remaine
a ſenſible diſtinction; for the patterne
or example of every thing is the per-
fecteſt in that kind, whereof wee ſtill
come ſhort, though wee tranſcend or
goe beyond it, becauſe herein it is wide
and agrees not in all points unto its
Copy. Nor doth the ſimilitude of crea-
tures diſparage the variety of nature, nor
any way confound the workes of God.
For even in things alike, there is di-
verſitie, and thoſe that doe ſeeme to ac-
accord, doe manifeſtly diſagree. And
thus is Man like God, for in the ſame
things that wee reſemble him, wee are
utterly different from him. There was
never any thing ſo like another, as in all
points to concurre, there will even
ſome reſerved difference ſlip in, to pre-
vent

vent the Identity, without which, two severall things would not be alike, but the same, which is impossible.

But to returne from Philosophy to Charity, I hold not so narrow a conceit of this vertue, as to conceive that to give almes, is onely to be Charitable, or thinke a piece of Liberality can comprehend the Totall of Charity; Divinity hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way, many pathes unto goodnesse; as many wayes as we may doe good, so many wayes we may bee Charitable; there are infirmities, not onely of body, but of soule, and fortunes, which doe require the mercifull hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance but behold him with as much pity as I doe *Lazarus*. It is no greater Charity to cloath his body, than apparell the nakednesse of his Soule. It is an honourable object to feed the reasons of other men, weare our liveries, and their borrowed understandings

Sect. 3.

dings doe homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapeſt way of beneficence, and like the naturall charity of the Sunne illuminates another without obſcuring it ſelfe. To be reſerved and caitif in this part of goodneſſe, is the fordideſt piece of covetouſneſſe, and more contemptible than the pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling my ſelfe a Scholler) I am obliged by the duty of my condition, I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treaſure of knowledge I intend no Monopoly, but a Communitie in learning; I ſtudy not for my owne ſake onely, but for theirs that ſtudy not for themſelves. I envy no man that knowes more than my ſelfe, but pity them that know leſſe. I inſtruct no man as an exerciſe of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nouriſh and keepe it alive in mine owne head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midſt of all my endeavours there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts muſt perish with my ſelfe, nor can bee Legacyed

among

among my honoured Friends. I cannot fall out or contemne a man for an errour, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection: for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in Philosophy, and in Divinity, if they meete with discreet and peaceable natures, doe not infringe the Lawes of Charity in all disputes; so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose, for then reason like a bad hound spends upon a false sent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined, for though they be amply proposed, they are scarse at all handled, they doe so swell with unnecessary Digressions, and the Parenthesis on the party, is often as large as the maine discourse upon the Subject. The Foundations of Religion are already established, and the principles of Salvation subscribed unto by all, there remaines not many controversies worth a passion, and yet never any disputed without, not

onely in Divinity, but in inferiour Arts: What a Βατεραχομυομαχία, and hot skirmish is betwixt *S.* and *T.* in *Lucian?* How doth Grammarians hack and slash for the Genitive case in *Jupiter.* How doe they breake their owne pates to salve that of *Priscian? Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus.* Yea, even amongst wiser militants, how many wounds have beene given, and credits slaine for the poore victory of an opinion or beggerly conquest of a distinction? Schollers are men of peace, they beare no armes, but their tongues are sharper then *Actius* his razor, their pens carry farther, and give a lowder report than thunder; I had rather stand in the shock of a Basilisco than in the fury of a merciless Pen. It is not meere zeale to Learning, or devotion to the Muses, that wiser Princes Patron the Arts, and carry an indulgent aspect unto Schollers, but a desire to have their names eternized by the memory of their writings, and a feare of the revengefull pen of succeeding ages: for these are the

hether
is or
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men

men, that when they have played their parts, and had their *exits*, must step out and give the morall of their Scenes, and deliver unto posterity an Inventory of their vertues and vices. And surely there goes a great deale of conscience to the compiling of an History, there is no reproach to the scandall of a Story; It is such an Authenticke kinde of falsehood that with authority belies our good names to all Nations and Posteritie.

There is another offence unto Charity, which no Author hath ever written of, and few take notice of, and that's the reproach, not of whole professions, mysteries and conditions, but of whole nations, wherein by opprobrious Epithets wee miscall each other, and by an uncharitable Logicke from a disposition in a few conclude a habit in all. *Sect.* 4.

Le mutin Anglois, et le bravache Escossois;
Le bougre Italien, et le fol Francois;

Le poultron Romain, le Larron de Gascongne,
L'Espagnol superbe, et l'Aleman yurongne.

Saint *Paul* that cals the *Cretians* lyers, doth it but indirectly and upon quotation of their owne Poet. It is as bloody a thought in one way as *Neroes* was in another. For by a word wee wound a thousand, and at one blow assassine the honour of a Nation. It is as compleate a piece of madnesse to miscall and rave against the times, or thinke to recall men to reason, by a fit of passion: *Democritus* that thought to laugh the times into goodnesse, seemes to mee as deepely Hypochondriack, as *Heraclitus* that bewailed them; it moves not my spleene to behold the multitude in their proper humours, that is, in their fits of folly and madnesse, as well understanding that Wisedome is not prophaned into the World, and 'tis the priviledge of a few to be vertuous. They that endeavour to abolish vice destroy also vertue, for contraries, though they destroy one another, are yet in life of one another. Thus vertue (abolish vice)

is an Idea; againe, the communitie of ſinne doth not diſparage goodneſſe, for when vice gaines upon the major part, vertue, in whom it remaines, becomes more excellent, and being loſt in ſome, multiplies its goodneſſe in others which remaine untouched, and perſiſts intire in the generall inundation. I can therefore behold vice without a Satyre content onely, with an admonition, or inſtructive reprehenſion; for Noble natures, and ſuch as are capable of goodneſſe, are railed into vice, that might as eaſily bee admoniſhed into vertue; and we ſhould be all ſo farre the Orators of goodneſſe, as to protect her from the power of vice, and maintaine the cauſe of injured truth. No man can juſtly cenſure or condemne another, becauſe indeed no man truely knowes another. This I perceive in my ſelfe, for I am in the darke to all the world, and my neareſt friends behold mee but in a cloud, thoſe that know mee but ſuperficially, thinke leſſe of me than I doe of my ſelfe; thoſe of my neere acquain-

tance thinke more; God, who truely knowes me, knowes that I am nothing, for hee onely beholds me, and all the world, who lookes not on us through a derived ray, or a trajection of a sensible species, but beholds the substance without the helpes of accidents, and the formes of things, as wee their operations. Further, no man can judge another, because no man knowes himselfe, for we censure others but as they disagree from that humour which wee fancy laudable in our selves, and commend others but for that wherein they seeme to quadrate and consent with us. So that in conclusion, all is but that we all condemne, selfe-love. 'Tis the generall complaint of these times, and perhaps of those past, that charity growes cold; which I perceive most verified in those which most doe manifest the fires and flames of zeale; for it is a vertue that best agrees with coldest natures, and such as are complexioned for humility. But how shall we expect charity towards others, when we are uncharita-

ble to our selves? Charity begins at home, is the voyce of the world, yet is every man his greatest enemy, and as it were, his owne executioner. *Non occides*, is the Commandement of God, yet scarse observed by any man; for I perceive every man is his owne *Atropos*, and lends a hand to cut the thred of her owne dayes. *Cain* was not therefore the first murtherer, but *Adam*, who brought in death; whereof hee beheld the practise and example in his owne sonne *Abel*, and saw that verified in the experience of another, which faith could not perswade him in the Theory of himselfe.

There is I thinke no man that appre- *Sect.* 5.
hends his owne miseries lesse than my selfe, and no man that so neerely apprehends anothers. I could lose an arme without a teare, and with few groans, mee thinkes, be quartered into pieces; yet can I weepe most seriously at a Play, and receive with a true passion, the counterfeit griefes of those

knowne and professed impostures. It is a barbarous part of inhumanity to adde unto any afflicted parties misery, or endeavour to multiply in any man, a passion, whose single nature is already above his patience; this was the greatest affliction of *Job*, and those oblique expostulations of his friends a deeper injury than the downe-right blowes of the Devill. It is not the teares of our owne eyes onely, but of our friends also, that doe exhaust the current of our sorrowes, which falling into many streames, runne more peaceably, and is contented with a narrower channel. It is an act within the power of charity, to translate a passion out of one breast into another; and to divide a sorrow almost out of it selfe; for an affliction like a dimension may be so divided, as if not indivisible, at least to become insensible. Now with my friend I desire not to share or participate, but to engrosse his sorrowes, that by making them mine owne, I may more easily discusse them; for in mine owne reason, and within

my ſelfe I can command that, which I cannot entreate without my ſelfe, and within the circle of another. I have often thought thoſe Noble paires and examples of friendſhip not ſo truely Hiſtories of what had beene, as fictions of what ſhould be, but I now perceive nothing in them, but poſſibilities, nor any thing in the Heroick examples of *Damon* and *Pythias*, *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, which mee thinkes upon ſome grounds I could not performe within the narrow compaſſe of my ſelfe. That a man ſhould lay down his life for his friend, ſeemes ſtrange to vulgar affections, and ſuch as confine themſelves within that worldly principle, Charity beginnes at home. For mine owne part I could never remember the relations that I held unto my ſelfe, nor the reſpect that I owe unto mine owne nature, in the cauſe of God, my Country, and my Friends. Next to theſe three, I doe embrace my ſelfe; I confeſſe I doe not obſerve that order that the Schooles ordaine our affections, to love our Parents, yea

Wifes,

Wifes, Children, and then our Friend for excepting the injunctions of Religion, I doe not find in my ſelfe ſuch a neceſſary and indiſſoluble Sympathy to all thoſe of my bloud. I hope I do not breake the fifth Commandement, if I conceive I may love my friend before the neareſt of my bloud, even thoſe to whom I owe the principles of life; I never yet caſt a true affection on a Woman, but I have loved my Friend as I do vertue, my ſoule, my God. From hence me thinkes I doe conceive how God loves man, what happineſſe there is in the love of God. Omitting all other, there are three moſt myſticall unions; Two natures in one perſon, three perſons in one nature, one ſoule in two bodies. For though indeed they bee really divided, yet are they ſo united, as they ſeeme but one, and make rather a dualiety then two diſtinct ſoules.

Sect. 6. There are wonders in true affection, it is a body of *Enigmaes*, myſteries and riddles, wherein two ſo become one, as they

ey both become two; I love my friend
fore my ſelfe, and yet me thinkes I do
ot love him enough; ſome few months
ence my multiplyed affection will
ake me beleeve I have not loved him
t all, when I am from him, I am
ead till I bee with him, when I am
with him, I am not ſatisfied, but would
ill be nearer him: united ſoules are not
atisfied with embraces, but deſire to
be truely each other, which being im-
poſſible, their deſires are infinite, and
muſt proceed without a poſſibility of
ſatisfaction. Another miſery there is
in affection, that whom we truely love
like our owne, wee forget their lookes,
nor can our memory retaine the Idea of
their faces; and it is no wonder, for
they are our ſelves, and our affections
makes their lookes our owne. This no-
ble affection fals not on vulgar and com-
mon conſtitutions, but on ſuch as are
mark'd for vertue; he that can love his
friend with this noble ardour, will in a
competent degree affect all. Now if
wee can bring our affections to looke

beyond the body, and caſt an eye up
on the ſoule, wee have found out th
true object, not onely of friendſhip bu
charity; and the greateſt happineſſe tha
wee can bequeath the ſoule, is tha
wherein we all doe place our laſt felici
ty, Salvation, which though it bee not
in our power to beſtow, it is in our cha-
rity, and pious invocations to deſire, if
not procure, and further. I cannot con-
tentedly frame a Prayer for my ſelfe in
particular, without a catalogue for my
friends, nor requeſt a happineſſe where-
in my ſociable diſpoſition doth not de-
ſire the fellowſhip of my neighbour. I
never heare the Toll of a paſſing Bell,
though in my mirth, without my pray-
ers and beſt wiſhes for the departing
ſpirit; I cannot goe to cure the body
of my Patient, but I forget my pro-
feſſion, and call unto God for his ſoule;
I cannot ſee one ſay his Prayers, but in
ſtead of imitating him, I fall into a ſup-
plication for him, who perhaps is no
more to mee than a common nature:
and if God hath vouchſafed an eare to
my

my ſupplications, there are ſurely many happy that never ſaw me, and enjoy the bleſſing of mine unknowne devotions. To pray for enemies, that is, for their ſalvation, is no harſh precept, but the practiſe of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot beleeve the ſtory of the Italian, our bad wiſhes and uncharitable deſires proceed no further than this life; it is the Devill, and the uncharitable votes of Hell, that deſire our miſery in the world to come.

To doe no injury, nor take none, was a principle, which to my former yeares, and impatient affections, ſeemed to containe enough of morality, but my more ſetled yeares and Chriſtian conſtitution have fallen upon ſeverer reſolutions. I can hold there is no ſuch thing as injury, that if there be, there is no ſuch injury as revenge, and no ſuch revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another, is to maligne himſelfe, that the trueſt way to love another, is to deſpiſe our ſelves. *Sect.* 7.

ſelves; I were unjuſt unto mine own conſcience, if I ſhould ſay I am at variance with any thing like my ſelfe, I finde there are many pieces in this one fabricke of man; this frame is raiſed upon a maſſe of Antipathies: I am one mee thinkes, but as the world; wherein notwithſtanding there are a ſwarme of diſtinct eſſences, and in them another world of contrarieties; wee carry private and domeſticke enemies within, publike and more hoſtile adverſaries without. The Devill that did but buffet Saint *Paul*, playes mee thinkes at ſharpe with me: Let mee be nothing if within the compaſſe of my ſelfe, I doe not find the battell of *Lepanto*, paſſion againſt paſſion, reaſon againſt faith, faith againſt the Devill, and my conſcience againſt all. There is another man within mee that's angry with mee, rebukes, commands, and daſtards mee. I have no conſcience of Marble to reſiſt the Hammer of more heavie offences, nor yet too ſoft and waxen, as to take the impreſſion of each

each ſingle peccadillo or ſcape of infirmity: I am of a ſtrange beliefe, that it is as eaſie to be forgiven ſome ſinnes, as to commit ſome others. For my originall ſinne, I hold it to be waſhed away in my Baptiſme; for my actuall tranſgreſſions, I compute and reckon with God, but from my laſt repentance, Sacrament or abſolution: And therefore am not terrified with the ſinnes or madneſſe of my youth. I thanke the goodneſſe of God I have no ſinnes that want a name, I am not ſingular in offences, my tranſgreſſions are Epidemicall, and from the common breath of our corruption. For there are certaine tempers of body, which matcht with an humorous depravity of mind, doe hatch and produce vicioſities, whoſe newneſſe and monſtroſity of nature admits no name; this was the temper of that Lecher that carnald with a Statua, and the conſtitution of *Nero* in his Spintrian recreations. For the heavens are not onely fruitfull in new and unheard of ſtarres, the earth in plants and animals, but

mens minds also in villany and vices; now the dulnesse of my reason, and the vulgarity of my disposition, never prompted my invention, nor sollicited my affection unto any of these; yet even those common and *quotidian* infirmities that so necessarily attend me, and doe seeme to bee my very nature, have so dejected me, so broken the estimation that I should have otherwise, that I repute my selfe the most abjectest piece of mortality: Divines prescribe a fit of sorrow to repentance, there goes indignation, anger, sorrow, hatred, into mine, passions of a contrary nature, which neither seeme to sute with this action, nor my proper constitution. It is no breach of charity to our selves to be at variance with our vices, nor to abhorre that part of us, which is an enemy to the ground of charity, our God; wherein wee doe but imitate our great selves the world, whose divided Antipathies and contrary faces doe yet carry a charitable regard unto the whole by their particular discords, preserving the com-

common harmony, and keeping in fetters those powers, whose rebellions once Masters, might bee the ruine of all.

Sect. 8.

I thanke God, amongst those millions of vices I doe inherit and hold from *Adam*, I have escaped one, and that a mortall enemy to charity, the first and father sin, not only of man, but of the devil, Pride, a vice whose name is comprehended in a Monosyllable, but in its nature circumscribed with a world; I have escaped it in a condition that can hardly avoid it: those petty acquisitions and reputed perfections that advance and elevate the conceits of other men, adde no feathers unto mine; I have seene a Grammarian toure, and plume himselfe over a single line in *Horace*, and shew more pride in the construction of one Ode, than the Author in the composure of the whole book. For my owne part, besides the *Jargon* and *Patois* of severall Provinces, I understand no lesse then six Languages, yet I protest I have

no higher conceit of my ſelfe than had our Fathers before the confuſion of *Babel*, when there was but one Language in the world, and none to boaſt himſelfe either Linguiſt or Criticke. I have not onely ſeene ſeverall Countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the Chorography of their Provinces, Topography of their Cities, but underſtood their ſeverall Lawes, Cuſtomes and Policies; yet cannot all this perſwade the dulneſſe of my ſpirit unto ſuch an opinion of my ſelf, as I behold in nimbler & conceited heads, that never looked a degree beyond their neſts. I know the names, and ſomewhat more, of all the conſtellations in my Horizon, yet I have ſeene a prating Mariner that could onely name the Poynters and the North Starre, out-talke mee, and conceit himſelfe a whole Spheare above mee. I know moſt of the Plants of my Country and of thoſe about mee; yet me thinkes I do not know ſo many as when I did but know an hundred, and had ſcarcely ever Simpled further than

Cheap-

Cheap-side: for indeed heads of capacity, and such as are not full with a handfull, or easie measure of knowledg, thinke they know nothing, till they know all, which being impossible, they fall upon the opinion of *Socrates*, and onely know they know not any thing. I cannot thinke that *Homer* pin'd away upon the riddle of the Fisherman, or that *Aristotle*, who understood the uncertainty of knowledge, and confessed so often the reason of man too weake for the workes of nature, did ever drowne himselfe upon the flux and reflux of *Euripus*: wee doe but learne to day, what our better advanced judgements will unteach to morrow: and *Aristotle* doth but instruct us as *Plato* did him; that is, to confute himselfe. I have runne through all sorts, yet finde no rest in any, though our first studies & *junior* endeavors may stile us Peripateticks, Stoicks, or Academicks, yet I perceive the wisest heads prove at last, almost all Scepticks, and stand like *Janus* in the field of knowledge. I have there-

therefore on common and authentick Philoſophy I learned in the Schooles, whereby I diſcourſe and ſatisfie the reaſon of other men, another more reſerved and drawne from experience, whereby I content mine owne. *Soloman* that complained of ignorance in the height of knowledge, hath not onely humbled my conceits, but diſcouraged my endeavours. There is yet another conceit that hath ſometimes made me ſhut my bookes; which tels mee it is a vanity to waſte our dayes in the blind purſuit of knowledge, it is but attending a little longer, and wee ſhall enjoy that by inſtinct and infuſion which we endeavour all here by labour and inquiſition: it is better to ſit downe in a modeſt ignorance, & reſt contented with the natural bleſſing of our owne reaſons, then buy the uncertaine knowledge of this life, with ſweat and vexation, which death gives every foole gratis, and is an acceſſary of our glorification.

I was never yet once, and commend *Sect. 9.*
not their resolutions who never marry twice, not that I disallow of second marriage; as neither in all cases of Polygamy, which considering some times and the unequall number of both sexes may bee also necessary. The whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman: man is the whole world and the breath of God, woman the rib and crooked piece of man. I could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this triviall and vulgar way of coition; It is the foolishest act a wise man commits in all his life, nor is there any thing that will more deject his imagination coold, when hee shall consider what an odde and unworthy piece of folly hee hath committed; I speake not in prejudice, nor am averse from that sweet sexe, but naturally amorous of all that is beautifull; I can looke a whole day with de-

light upon a handſome picture, though it be but of an Horſe. It is my temper, & I like it the better, to affect all harmony, and ſure there is muſicke even in the beauty, and the ſilent note which *Cupid* ſtrikes, farre ſweeter than the ſound of an inſtrument. For there is a muſicke where-ever there is a harmony, order or proportion; and thus farre we may maintain the muſick of the ſpheares; for thoſe well ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no ſound unto the eare, yet to the underſtanding they ſtrike a note moſt full of harmony. Whatſoever is harmonically compoſed, delights in harmony; which makes me much diſtruſt the ſymmetry of thoſe heads which declaime againſt all Church muſicke. For my ſelfe, not only from my obedience but my particular genius, I doe imbrace it; for even that vulgar and Taverne Muſicke, which makes one man merry, another mad, ſtrikes in mee a deepe fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the firſt Compoſer, there is ſome-

thing

thing in it of Divinity more than the eare discovers. It is an Hieroglyphicall and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and Creatures of God, such a melody to the eare, as the whole world well understood, would afford the understanding. In briefe, it is a sensible fit of that Harmony, which intellectually sounds in the eares of God. I will not say with *Plato*, the Soule is an Harmony, but harmonicall, and hath its neerest sympathy unto musicke: thus some, whose temper of body agrees, and humours the constitution of their soules, are borne Poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto Rhythme. * This made *Tacitus* in the very first line of his Story, fall upon a verse, and *Cicero*, the worst of Poets, but * declayming for a Poet, falls in the very first sentence upon a perfect * Hexameter. I feele not in me those sordid, and unchristian desires of my profession, I doe not secretly implore and wish for Plagues, rejoyce at Famines, revolve Ephemerides, and Almanacks, in expectation

* *Urbem Romam in principio Reges habuere.*

* *Pro Archia Poeta.*

* *In qua me non infitior mediocriter esse.*

pectation of malignant Aſpects, fatall conjunctions, and Eclipſes: I rejoyce not at unwholſome Springs, nor unſeaſonable Winters; my Prayer goes with the Husbandmans; I deſire every thing in its proper ſeaſon, that neither men nor the times bee out of temper. Let mee be ſicke my ſelfe, if ſometimes the malady of my patient be not a diſeaſe unto me, I deſire rather to cure his infirmities than my owne neceſſities, where I do him no good me thinkes it is ſcarce honeſt gaine, though I confeſſe 'tis but the worthy ſalary of our well-intended endeavours: I am not onely aſhamed, but heartily ſorry, that beſides death, there are diſeaſes incurable, yet not for my own ſake, or that they be beyond my art, but for the generall cauſe & ſake of humanity whoſe common cauſe I apprehend as mine own: And to ſpeak more generally, thoſe three Noble profeſſions which al civil Common wealths doe honour, are raiſed upon the fall of *Adam*, & are not any exempt from their infirmities; there are not onely diſeaſes incurable

incurable in Phyſicke, but caſes indiſſoluble in Lawes, Vices incorrigible in Divinity: if generall Councells may erre, I doe not ſee why particular Courts ſhould be infallible, their perfecteſt rules are raiſed upon the erroneous reaſons of Man, and the Lawes of one, doe but condemn the rules of another; as *Ariſtotle* oft-times the opinions of his predeceſſours, becauſe, though agreeable to reaſon, yet were not conſonant to his owne rules, and the Logicke of his proper principles. Againe, to ſpeake nothing of the ſinne againſt the Holy Ghoſt, whoſe cure not onely, but whoſe nature is unknowne; I can cure the gout or ſtone in ſome, ſooner than Divinity, Pride, or Avarice in others. I can cure vices by Phyſicke, when they remaine incurable by Divinity, and ſhall obey my pils, when they contemne their precepts. I boaſt nothing, but plainely ſay, we all labour againſt our owne cure, for death is the cure of all diſeaſes. There is no Catholicon or univerſall remedy I know but this, which thogh nauſeous to quea-

ſie

ſie ſtomachs, yet to prepared appetites is Nectar and a pleaſant potion of immortality.

Sect. 11. For my converſation, it is like the Sunne's with all men, and with a friendly aſpect to good and bad. Me thinkes there is no man bad, and the worſt, beſt; that is, while they are kept within the circle of thoſe qualities, wherein they are good: there is no mans minde of ſuch diſcordant and jarring a temper to which a tuneable diſpoſition may not ſtrike a harmony. *Magnæ virtutes nec minora vitia*, it is the poſie of the beſt natures, and may bee inverted on the worſt, there are in the moſt depraved and venemous diſpoſitions certaine pieces that remaine untoucht, which by an Antiperiſtaſis become more excellent, or by the excellency of their antipathies are able to preſerve themſelves from the contagion of their enemy vices, and perſiſt entire beyond the generall corruption. For it is alſo thus in natures. The greateſt Balſames

ſames doe lie enveloped in the bodies of moſt powerfull Corroſives; I ſay moreover, and I ground upon experience, that poyſons containe within themſelves their owne Antidote, and that which preſerves them from the venom of themſelves; without which they were not deletorious to others onely, but to themſelves alſo. But it is the corruption that I feare within me, not the contagion of commerce without me. 'Tis that unruly regiment within me that will deſtroy me, 'tis I that doe infect my ſelfe, the man without a Navell yet lives in me; I feele that originall canker corrode and devoure me, and therefore *Defenda me Dios de me*, Lord deliver me from my ſelfe, is a part of my Letany, and the firſt voyce of my retired imaginations. There is no man alone, becauſe every man is a *Microcoſme*, and carries the whole world about him; *Nunquam minus ſolus quam cum ſolus*, though it bee the Apophthegme of a wiſe man, is yet true in the mouth of a foole; for indeed, though

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in a Wildernesse, a man is never alone not onely becauſe hee is with himſelfe and his owne thoughts, but becauſe he is with the devill, who ever conſorts with our ſolitude, and is that unruly rebell that muſters up thoſe diſordered motions, which accompany our ſequeſtred imaginations: And to ſpeake more narrowly, there is no ſuch thing as ſolitude, nor any thing that can be ſaid to be alone, and by it ſelfe, but God, who is his owne circle, and can ſubſiſt by himſelfe, all others beſides their diſſimilary and Heterogeneous parts, which in a manner multiply the natures, cannot ſubſiſt without the concourſe of God and the ſociety of that hand which doth uphold their natures. In briefe, there can be nothing truely alone, and by its ſelf, which is not truely one, and ſuch is onely God: All others doe tranſcend an unity, and ſo by conſequence are many.

Sect. 12. Now for my life, it is a miracle of thirty yeares, which to relate, were not

not a Hiſtory, but a peece of Poetry, and would ſound to common eares like a fable; for the world, I count it not an Inne, but an Hoſpitall, and a place, not to live, but to die in. The world that I regard is my ſelfe, it is the Microcoſme of mine owne frame, that I caſt mine eye on; for the other, I uſe it but like my Globe, and turne it round ſometimes for my recreation. Men that look upon my outſide, peruſing onely my condition, and fortunes, do erre in my altitude; for I am above *Atlas* his ſhoulders. The earth is a point not onely in reſpect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celeſtiall part within us: that maſſe of fleſh that circumſcribes me, limits not my mind: that ſurface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot perſwade me I have any; I take my circle to be above three hundred and ſixty, though the number of the Arke do meaſure my body, it comprehendeth not my minde: whilſt I ſtudy to finde how I am a Microcoſme or little world, I finde my ſelfe ſomething more

more than the great. There is ſurely a peece of Divinity in us, ſomething that was before the Elements, and owe no homage unto the Sun. Nature tells me I am the Image of God as well as Scripture; he that underſtands not thus much, hath not his introduction or firſt leſſon, and is yet to begin the Alphabet of man. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I ſay I am as happy as any, *Ruat cælum Fiat voluntas tua*, ſalveth all; ſo that whatſoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers deſire. In briefe, I am content, and what ſhould providence adde more? Surely this is it we call Happineſſe, and this doe I enjoy, with this I am happy in a dreame, and as content to enjoy a happineſſe in a fancie as others in a more apparent truth and reality. There is ſurely a neerer apprehenſion of any thing that delights us in our dreames, than in our waked ſenſes; without this I were unhappy, for my awaked judgement diſcontents me, ever whiſpering unto me, that I am from my friend, but

my

my friendly dreames in the night requite me; and make me thinke I am within his armes. I thanke God for my happy dreames, as I doe for my good reſt, for there is a ſatisfaction in them unto reaſonable deſires, and ſuch as can be content with a fit of happineſſe; and ſurely it is not a melancholy conceite to thinke we are all aſleepe in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as meare dreames to thoſe of the next, as the Phantaſmes of the night, to the conceit of the day. There is an equall deluſion in both, and the one doth but ſeeme to bee the embleme or picture of the other; we are ſomewhat more than our ſelves in our ſleepes, and the ſlumber of the body ſeemes to bee but the waking of the ſoule. It is the ligation of ſenſe, but the liberty of reaſon, and our awaking conceptions doe not match the fancies of our ſleepes. At my Nativity, my aſcendant was the earthly ſigne of *Scorpius*, I was borne in the Planetary houre of *Saturne*, and I think I have a peece of that Leaden Planet in

me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company, yet in one dreame I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh my selfe awake at the conceits thereof; were my memory as faithfull as my reason is then fruitfull, I would never study but in my dreames, and this time also would I chuse for my devotions, but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked soules, a confused & broken tale of that that hath passed. *Aristotle*, who hath written a singular tract of sleepe, hath not me thinkes throughly defined it, nor yet *Galen*, though hee seeme to have corrected it; for those *Noctambuloes* and night-walkers, though in their sleepe, doe yet enjoy the action of their senses: wee must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of *Morpheus*; and that those abstracted and ecstaticke soules doe walke about in

their

their owne corps, as ſpirits with the bodies they aſſume, wherein they ſeeme to heare, ſee, and feele, though indeed the organs are deſtitute of ſenſe, and their natures of thoſe faculties that ſhould informe them. Thus it is obſerved that men ſometimes upon the houre of their departure, doe ſpeake and reaſon above themſelves. For then the ſoule begins to bee freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reaſon like her ſelfe, and to diſcourſe in a ſtraine above mortality.

We tearme ſleepe a death, and yet it is waking that kils us, and deſtroyes thoſe ſpirits that are the houſe of life. Tis indeed a part of life that beſt expreſſeth death, for every man truely lives ſo long as hee acts his nature, or ſomeway makes good the faculties of himſelfe: *Themiſtocles* therefore that ſlew his Souldier in his ſleepe was a merciſull executioner, 'tis a kinde of puniſhment the mildneſſe of no lawes hath invented; I wonder the fancy of *Lucan* Sect. 1

and *Seneca* did not discover it. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily, a death which *Adam* died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a middle and moderating point betweene life and death; in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an halfe adiew unto the world, and take my farewell in a Colloquy with God.

The night is come like to the day,
Depart not thou great God away.
Let not my sinnes, blacke as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
Keepe still in my Horizon, for to me,
The Sunne makes not the day, but thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleepe,
On my temples sentry keepe,
Guard me 'gainst those watchfull foes,
Whose eyes are open while mine close.
Let no dreames my head infest,
But such as Jacobs temples blest.
While I doe rest, my soule advance,
Make my sleepe a holy trance;

That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought.
And with as active vigour runne
My course, as doth the nimble Sunne.
Sleepe is a death, O make me try,
By sleeping what it is to die.
And as gently lay my head
On my Grave, as now my bed.
How ere I rest, great God let me
Awake againe at last with thee.
And thus assur'd, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.
These are my drowsie dayes, in vaine
I doe now wake to sleepe againe.
O come that houre, when I shall never
Sleepe againe, but wake for ever!

This is the dormitive I take to bedward, I need no other *Laudanum* than this to make me sleepe; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the Sunne, and sleepe unto the resurrection.

The method I would use in distributive justice, I often observe in commu- *Sect.* 14.

tative, and keepe a Geometricall proportion in both, whereby becomming equable to others, I become unjuſt to my ſelfe, and ſupererogate in that common principle, Doe unto others as thou wouldeſt be done unto thy ſelfe. I was not borne unto, neither is it I thinke my Starre to be wealthy; or if it were, the freedome of my minde, and frankneſſe of my diſpoſition, were able to contradict and croſſe my fates: for to me avarice ſeemes not ſo much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madneſſe; to conceive our ſelves Urinals, or bee perſwaded that wee are dead, is not ſo ridiculous, nor ſo many degrees beyond the power of Hellebore, as this. The opinions of theory and poſitions of men are not ſo voyd of reaſon as their practiſed concluſion: ſome have held that Snow is blacke, that the earth moves, that the ſoule is ayre, fire water, but all this is Philoſophy, and there is no *delirium*, if we doe but ſpeculate the folly and indiſputable dotage

age of avarice to that ſubterraneous Idoll, and God of the earth. I doe confeſſe I am an Atheiſt, I cannot perſwade my ſelfe to honour that the world adores; whatſoever vertue its prepared ſubſtance may have within my body, it hath no influence nor operation without; I would not entertaine a baſe deſigne, or an action that ſhould call mee villaine, for the Indies, and for this onely doe I love and honour my owne ſoule, and have mee thinkes, two armes too few to embrace my ſelfe. *Ariſtotle* is too ſevere, that will not allow us to bee truely liberall without wealth, and the bountifull hand of fortune; if this be true, I muſt confeſſe I am charitable onely in my liberall intentions, and bountifull well-wiſhes. But if the example of the Mite bee not onely an act of wonder, but an example of the nobleſt charity, ſurely poore men may alſo build Hoſpitals, and the

rich alone have not erected Cathedralls. I have a private method which others obſerve not, I take the opportunity of my ſelfe to do good, I borrow occaſion of charity from mine owne neceſſities, and ſupply the wants of others, when I am in moſt neede my ſelfe; for it is an honeſt ſtratagem to take advantage of our ſelves, and ſo to huſband the act of vertue, that where they are defective in one circumſtance, they may repay their want, and multiply their goodneſſe in another. I have not *Peru* in my deſires, but a competence, and abilitie to performe thoſe good workes to which hee hath inclined my nature. Hee is rich, who hath enough to bee charitable, and it is hard to bee ſo poore, that a noble minde may not finde a way to this piece of goodneſſe. *Hee that giveth to the poore lendeth to the Lord*; there is more Rhetorick in that one ſentence than

han in a Library of Sermons, and ndeed if thoſe ſentences were underſtood by the Reader, with the ame Emphaſis as they are delive-ed by the Author, wee needed not hoſe Volumes of inſtructions, but might bee honeſt by an Epitome. Upon this motive onely I cannot behold a Begger without relieving his neceſſities with my purſe, or his ſoule with my prayers; theſe ſcenicall and accidentall differences betweene us cannot make mee forget that common and untoucht part of us both; there is under theſe *Centoes* and miſerable outſides, theſe mutilate and ſemi-bodies, a ſoule of the ſame alloy with our owne, whoſe Genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as faire a way to ſalvation, as our ſelves. Statiſts that labour to contrive a Common-wealth without poverty, take away the object of charity, not underſtanding only the Common-wealth of a Chriſtian,

an, but forgetting the prophecy o
Christ.

Sect. 15. Now there is another part of cha
rity, which is the Basis and Pillar o
this, and that is the love of God
for whom wee love our neighbour
for this I thinke charity, to love
God for himselfe, and our neigh
bour for God. All that is truely ami
able is God, or as it were a divided
piece of him, that retaines a reflex o
shadow of himselfe. Nor is it strange
that wee should place affection on
that which is invisible, all that wee
truely love is thus, what wee adore
under affection of our senses, de
serves not the honour of so pure a
title. Thus wee adore vertue,
though to the eyes of sense shee bee
invisible. Thus that part of our lo
ving friends that wee love, is not that
part that we embrace, but that insen
sible part that our armes cannot em
brace. God being all goodnesse, can
love

love nothing but himſelfe, hee loves us but for that part which is as it were himſelfe, and the traduction of his holy Spirit. Let us call to aſſize the lives of our parents, the affection of our wives and children, and they are all dumbe ſhowes, and dreames, without reality, truth, or conſtancy; for firſt there is a ſtrong bond of affection betweene us and our parents, yet how eaſily diſſolved? We betake our ſelves to a woman, forgetting our mothers in a wife, and the wombe that bare us in that that ſhall beare our image. This woman bleſſing us with children, our affections leaves the levell it held before, and ſinkes from our bed unto our iſſue and picture of poſterity, where affection holds no ſteady manſion. They growing up in yeares deſire our ends, or applying themſelves to a woman, take a lawfull way to love another better than our ſelves. Thus I perceive a man may bee buried alive,

and

and behold his grave in his owne issue.

Sect. 15. I conclude therefore and say, there is no happinesse under (or as *Copernicus* will have it, above) the Sunne, nor any Crambe in that repeated verity and burthen of all the wisedom of *Solomon*, *All is vanitie and vexation of spirit*; there is no felicity in that the world adores. *Aristotle* whilst hee labours to refute the Idea's of *Plato*, falls upon one himselfe: for his *summum bonum*, is a *Chimæra*, and there is no such thing as his Felicity. That wherein God himselfe is happy, the holy Angels are happy, in whose defect the Devils are unhappy; that dare I call happinesse: whatsoever conduceth unto this, may with an easie Metaphor deserve that name, whatsoever else the world termes happines, is to me a story out of *Pliny*, an apparition, or neat delusion, wherin there is no more of happinesse than

than the name. Bleſſe mee in this life with but the peace of my conſcience, command of my affections, the love of thy ſelfe and my deareſt friends, and I ſhall be happy enough to pity *Cæſar*. Theſe are O Lord the humble deſires of my moſt reaſonable ambition and all I dare call happineſſe on earth: wherein I ſet no rule or limit to thy hand or providence, diſpoſe of me according to the wiſedome of thy pleaſure. Thy will bee done, though in my owne undoing.

FINIS.